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An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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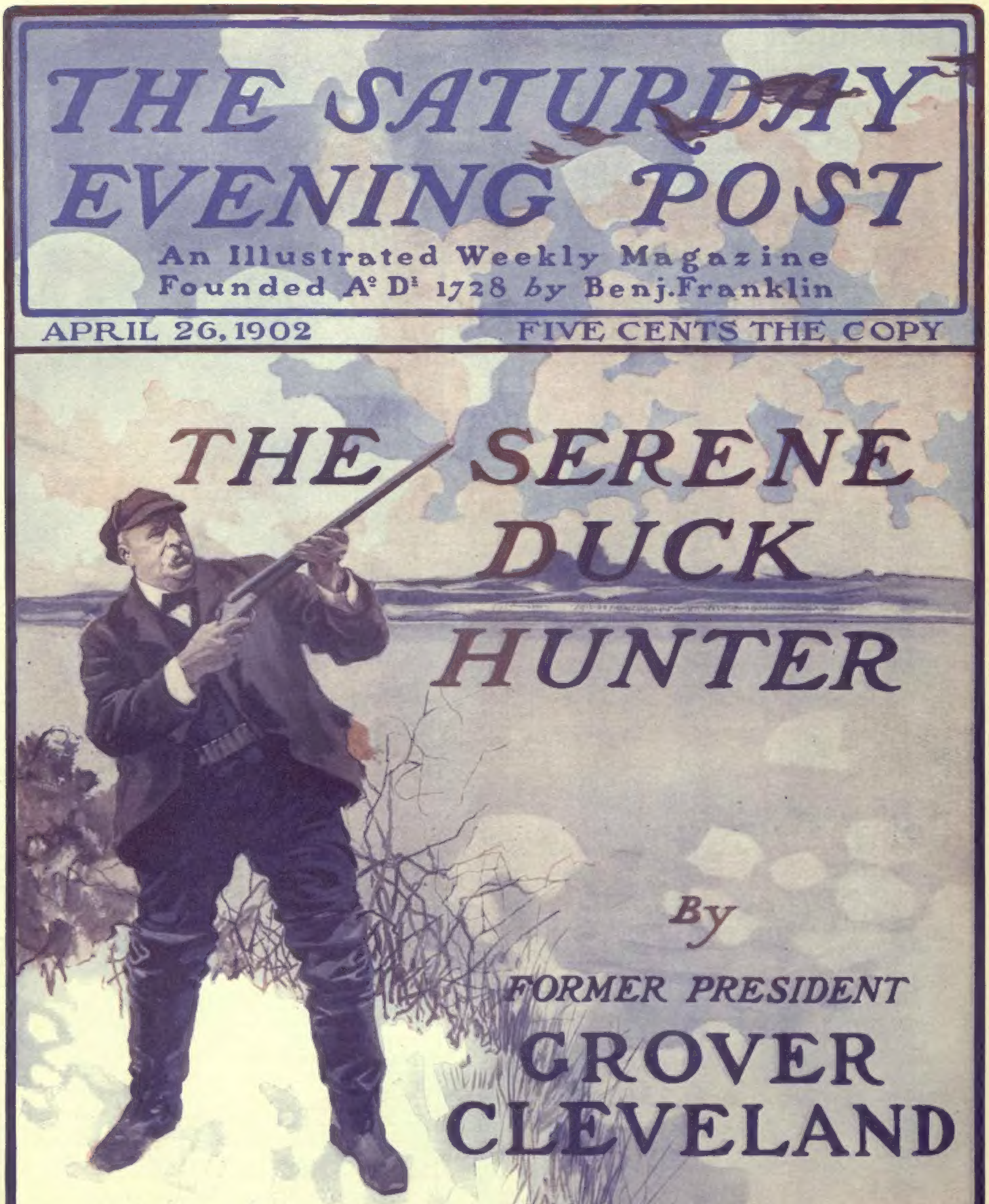

THE SERENE DUCK HUNTER

By

FORMER PRESIDENT
GROVER CLEVELAND

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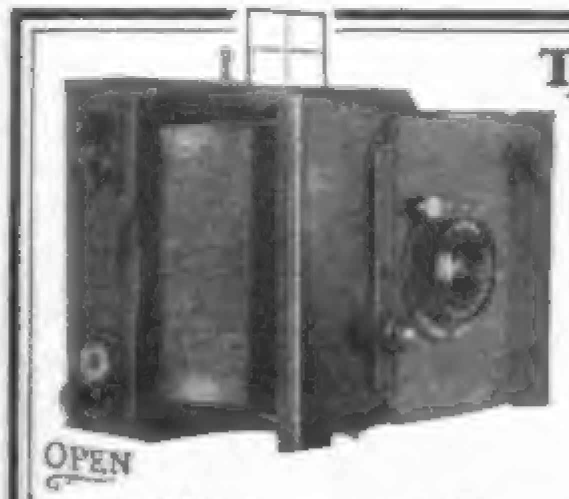

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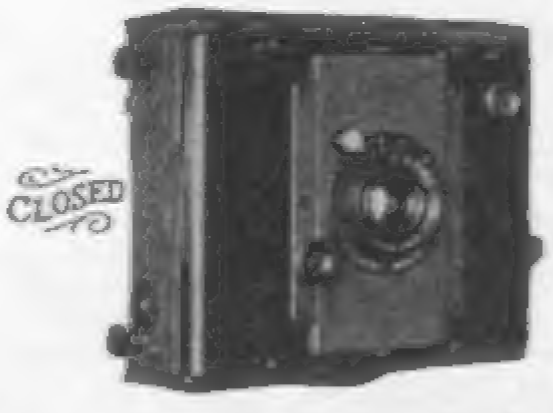

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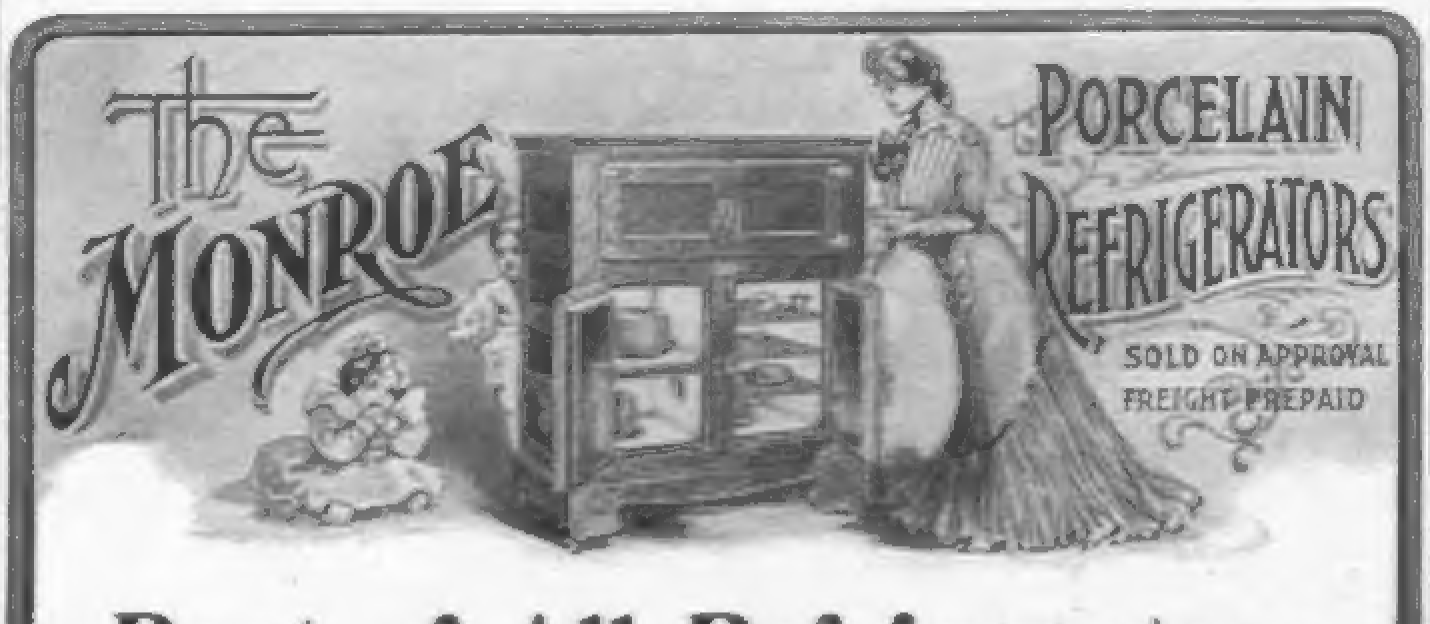

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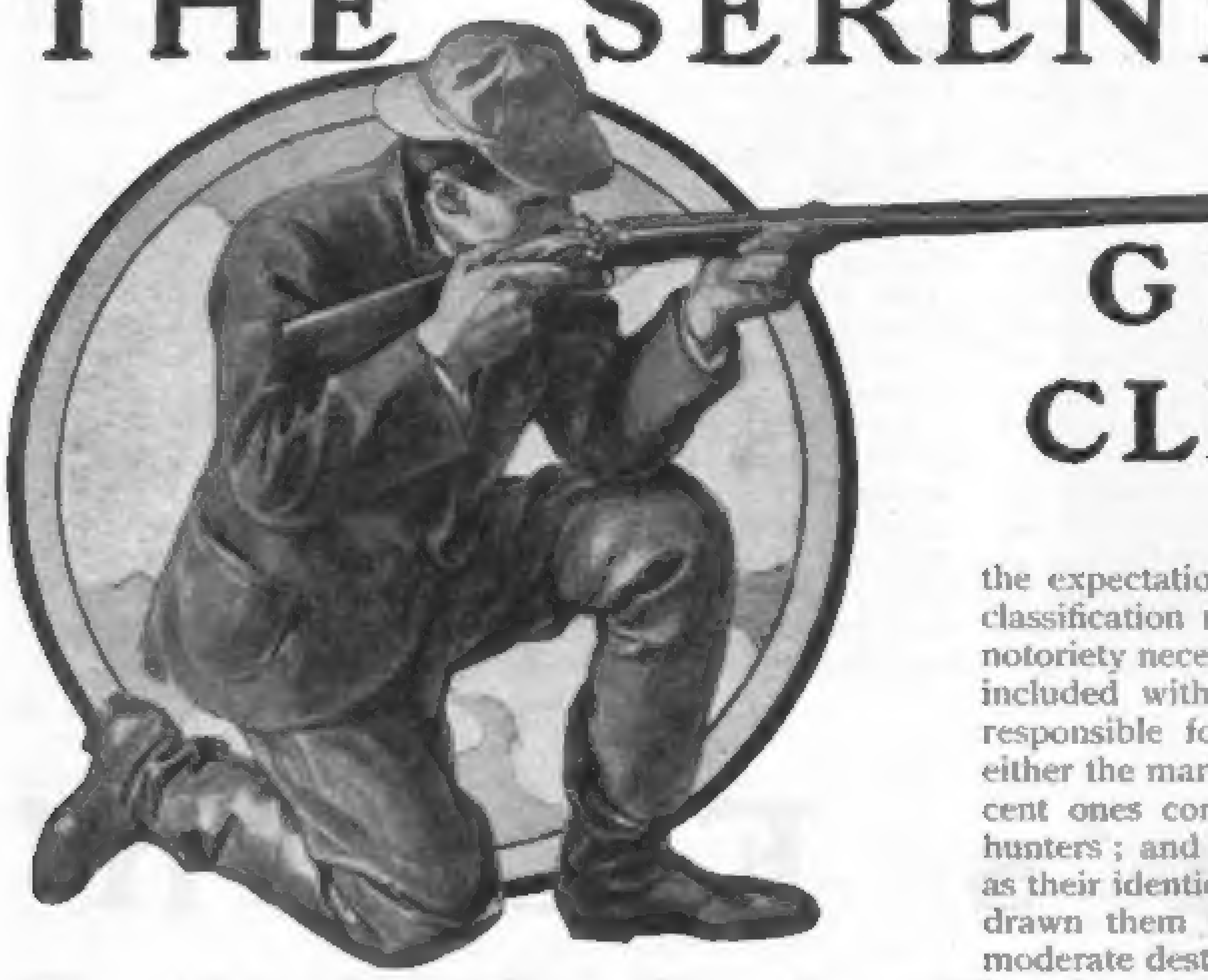
THE SERENE DUCK HUNTER

BY GROVER CLEVELAND



IN THE estimation of many people all those who for any purpose or in any manner hunt ducks are grouped together and indiscriminately called duck hunters. This is a very superficial way of dealing with an important subject. In point of fact, the object of duck shooting and its methods of enjoyment are so various, and the disposition and personal characteristics of those who engage in it present such strong contrasts, that a recognition of their differences should suggest the subdivision of this group into distinct and well-defined sections. Such a subdivision would undoubtedly promote fairness and justice, and lead to a better understanding of the general topic.

There are those whose only claim to a place among duck hunters is based upon the fact that they shoot ducks for the market. No duck is safe from their pursuit in any place, either by day or night. Not a particle of sportsmanlike spirit enters into this pursuit, and the idea never enters their minds that a duck has any rights that a hunter is bound to respect. The killing they do amounts to bald assassination—to murder for the sake of money. All fair-minded men must agree that duck hunters of this sort should be segregated from all others and placed in a section by themselves. They are the market shooters.

There are others claiming a place in the duck-hunting group who, though not so murderously inclined as the market shooters, have such peculiar traits and such distinctive habits of thought and action, as abundantly justify placing them also in a classification of their own. These are the hunters who rarely miss a duck, but whose deadly aim affords them gratification only in so far as it is a prelude to duck mortality, and who are happy or discontented as their heap of dead is large or small. They have smothered the keen delights of imagination which should be the cheering concomitants of the most reputable grade of duck hunting, and have surrendered its pleasures to actual results and the vicissitudes of external circumstances. Their stories of inordinate killing are frequently heard, and often enliven the pages of sporting magazines. There can be but little doubt that this contingent give unintentional support to whatever popular belief there may be, originating in the market-shooters' operations, that duck shooting is a relentlessly bloody affair. These are the dead shots among duck hunters.

The Vindication of the Gentle Huntsmen

The danger that all those who essay to shoot ducks may, by the conduct of these two classes, acquire a general and unmitigated reputation for persistent slaughter, cannot be contemplated without sadness. It is therefore not particularly reassuring to recall the fact that our countrymen seem just now to be especially attracted by the recital of incidents that involve killing, and that such incidents gain a firm lodgment in their minds and memories.

It is quite probable that the aggregation of all duck hunters in one general group cannot be at once remedied; and the expectation can hardly be entertained that any subclassification now proposed will gain the acceptance and notoriety necessary for the immediate exoneration of those included within this group who are not in the least responsible for the sordid and sanguinary behavior of either the market shooter or the dead shot. These innocent ones comprise an undoubted majority of all duck hunters; and their common tastes and enjoyments, as well as their identical conceptions of duty and obligation, have drawn them together in delightful fraternity. By their moderate destruction of duck life they so modify the killing done by those belonging to the classes already described that the aggregate, when distributed among the entire body of duck hunters, is relieved from the appearance of bloodthirsty carnage; and they in every way exert a wholesome influence in the direction of securing a place for duck hunting among recreations which are rational, exhilarating and only moderately bloody.

The Honorable Order of Serene Duck Hunters

It must be frankly confessed that the members of this fraternity cannot claim the ability to kill ducks as often as is required by the highest averages. This, however, does not in the least disturb their serenity. Their compensations are ample. They are saved from the sordid and hardening effects induced by habitual killing, and find pleasure in the cultivation of the more delicate and elevating susceptibilities which ducking environments should invite. Under the influence of these susceptibilities there is developed a pleasing and innocent self-deception, which induces the belief on the part of those with whom it has lodgment that both abundant shooting skill and a thorough familiarity with all that pertains to the theory of duck hunting are entirely in their possession and control. They are also led to the stimulation of reciprocal credulity, which seasons and makes digestible tales of ducking adventure. Nor does bloody activity distract their attention from their obligations to each other as members of their especial brotherhood, or cause them to overlook the rule which requires them to stand solidly together in the promotion and protection, at all hazards, of the shooting reputation of every one of their associates. These may well be called the Serene Duck Hunters.

All that has been thus far written may properly be regarded as merely an introduction to a description, somewhat in detail, of the manner in which these representatives of the best and most attractive type of duck hunters enjoy their favorite recreation.

A common and easy illustration of their indulgence of the sentimental enjoyments available to them is presented when members of the fraternity in the comfortable surroundings of camp undertake the discussion of the merits of guns and ammunition. The impressiveness with which guns are put to the shoulder with a view of discovering how they "come up," the comments on the length and "drop" of the different stocks, the solemn look through the barrel from the opened breech, and the suggestion of slight "pitting," are intensely interesting and gratifying to all concerned. When these things are supplemented by an exchange of opinions concerning ammunition, a large contribution is added to the entertainment of the party. Such words as Schultz, Blue Ribbon, Dupont. Ballistite and Hazard are rolled like sweet morsels under the tongue. Each of the company declares his choice of powder and warmly defends its superiority, each announces the number of drams that a ducking cartridge should contain, and each declares his clear conviction touching the size of shot, and the amount, in ounces and fractions of ounces, that should constitute an effective load.

Undoubtedly the enjoyment supplied by such a discussion is keen and exhilarating. That it has the advantage of ease and convenience in its favor is indicated by the fact that its effects are none the less real and penetrating in the entire absence of any knowledge of the topics discussed. To the serene duck hunter the pretense of knowledge or information is sufficient. The important factors in the affair are that each should have his turn, and should be attentively heard in his exploitation of that which he thinks he knows.

There is nothing in all this that can furnish reasonable ground for reproach or criticism. If under the sanction of harmless self-deception and pretense this duck-hunting contingent, to whom duck killing is not inevitably available, are content to look for enjoyment among the things more or less intimately related to it, it is quite their own affair. At any rate it is sufficient to say that they have joined the serene brotherhood for their pastime, and that any outside dictation or criticism of the mode in which they shall innocently enjoy their privileges of membership savors of gross impertinence.

There comes a time, however, when these calm and easy enjoyments must give way to sterner activities, and when even the serene duck hunter must face the discomfort of severe weather and the responsibillity of flying ducks. This exigency brings with it new duties and new objects of endeavor; but the principles which are characteristic of the fraternity are of universal application. Therefore our serene duck hunter should go forth resolved to accomplish the best results within his reach, but doubly resolved that in this new phase of his enjoyment he will betray no ignorance of any detail, and that he will fully avail himself of the rule unreservedly recognized in the brotherhood, which permits him to claim that every duck at which his gun is fired is hit—except in rare cases of conceded missing, when an excuse should be always ready, absolutely excluding any suggestion of bad shooting. By way of showing his familiarity with the affair in hand it is not at all amiss for him to give some directions as he enters his blind as to the arrangement of the decoys.

How to Take Good and Bad Luck

It is quite likely that his first opportunity to shoot will be presented when a single duck hovers over the decoys, and as it poises itself offers as easy a target as if sitting on a fence. Our hunter's gun is coolly and gracefully raised, and simultaneously with its discharge the duck falls helplessly into the water. This is a situation that calls for no word to be spoken. Merely a self-satisfied and an almost indifferent expression of countenance should indicate that only the expected has happened, and that duck killing is to be the order of the day.

Perhaps after a reasonable wait another venturesome duck will enter the zone of danger and pass with steady flight over the decoys easily within shooting distance. Again the gun of our serene hunter gives voice, summoning the bird to instant death. To an impartial observer, however, such a course would not seem to be in accordance with the duck's arrangements. This is plainly indicated by such an acceleration of flight as would naturally follow the noise of the gun's discharge and the whistling of the shot in the rear of the expected victim.

This is the moment when the man behind the gun should rise to the occasion, and under the rule governing the case should without the least delay or hesitation insist that the duck is hit. This may be done by the use of one of several appropriate exclamations—all having the sanction of precedent and long use. One which is quite clear and emphatic is to the effect that the fleeing duck is "lead ballasted," another easily understood is that it has "got a dose," and still another of no uncertain meaning, that it is "full of shot." Whatever particular formula is used, it should at once be followed by a decided command to the guide in attendance to watch the disappearing bird and mark where it falls. The fact should be here mentioned that the complete enjoyment of this proceeding depends largely upon the tact and intelligence of the guide. If with these he has a due appreciation of his responsibility as an adjunct to the sport, and is also in proper accord with his principal, he will give ready support to the claim that the duck is mortally wounded, at the same time shrewdly and with apparent depression suggesting the improbability of recovering the slain.

If as the hours wear away this process becomes so monotonous as to be fatiguing, a restful variety may be introduced by guardedly acknowledging an occasional miss, and bringing into play the excuses and explanations appropriate to such altered conditions. A very useful way of accounting for a shot missed is by the suggestion that through a slightly erroneous calculation of distance the duck was out of range when the shot was fired. A very frequent and rather gratifying pretext for avoiding chagrin in case of a long shot missed is found in the claim that, though the sound of shot striking the bird is distinctly heard, their penetration is ineffective. Sometimes failure is attributed to the towering or turning of the duck at the instant of the gun's discharge. It is at times useful to impute failure to the probability that the particular cartridge used was stale and weak; and when all these are inadmissible, the small size of the shot and the faulty quality or quantity of powder they contain, and, in extreme cases, their entire construction as well as their constructor may be roundly cursed as causes for a miscarriage of fatal results.

How True Duck Hunters Stand Together

When the ducks have ceased to fly for the day the serene duck hunter returns to camp in a tranquil, satisfied frame of mind befitting his fraternity membership. He has several ducks actually in hand, and he has fully enjoyed the self-deception and pretense which have led him to the belief that he has shot well. His few confessed misses are all satisfactorily accounted for; and he is too well broken to the vicissitudes of duck shooting, and too old a hunter, to be cast down by the bad fortune which has thickly scattered over distant waters and marshes his unrecovered dead.

When at the close of such a day a party of serene duck hunters are gathered together a common fund of adventure is made up. Each as he contributes his share is entitled to add such embellishments of the imagination as will make his recital most interesting to his associates and gratifying to himself; and a law tacitly adopted but universally recognized by the company binds them all to an unquestioning acceptance of the truth of every narration. The successes of the day as well as its incidents of hard luck, and every excuse and explanation in mitigation of small returns of game, as they are rehearsed, create lively interest and quiet enjoyment. The one thing that might be a discordant note would be a confession of downright and inexcusably bad shooting.

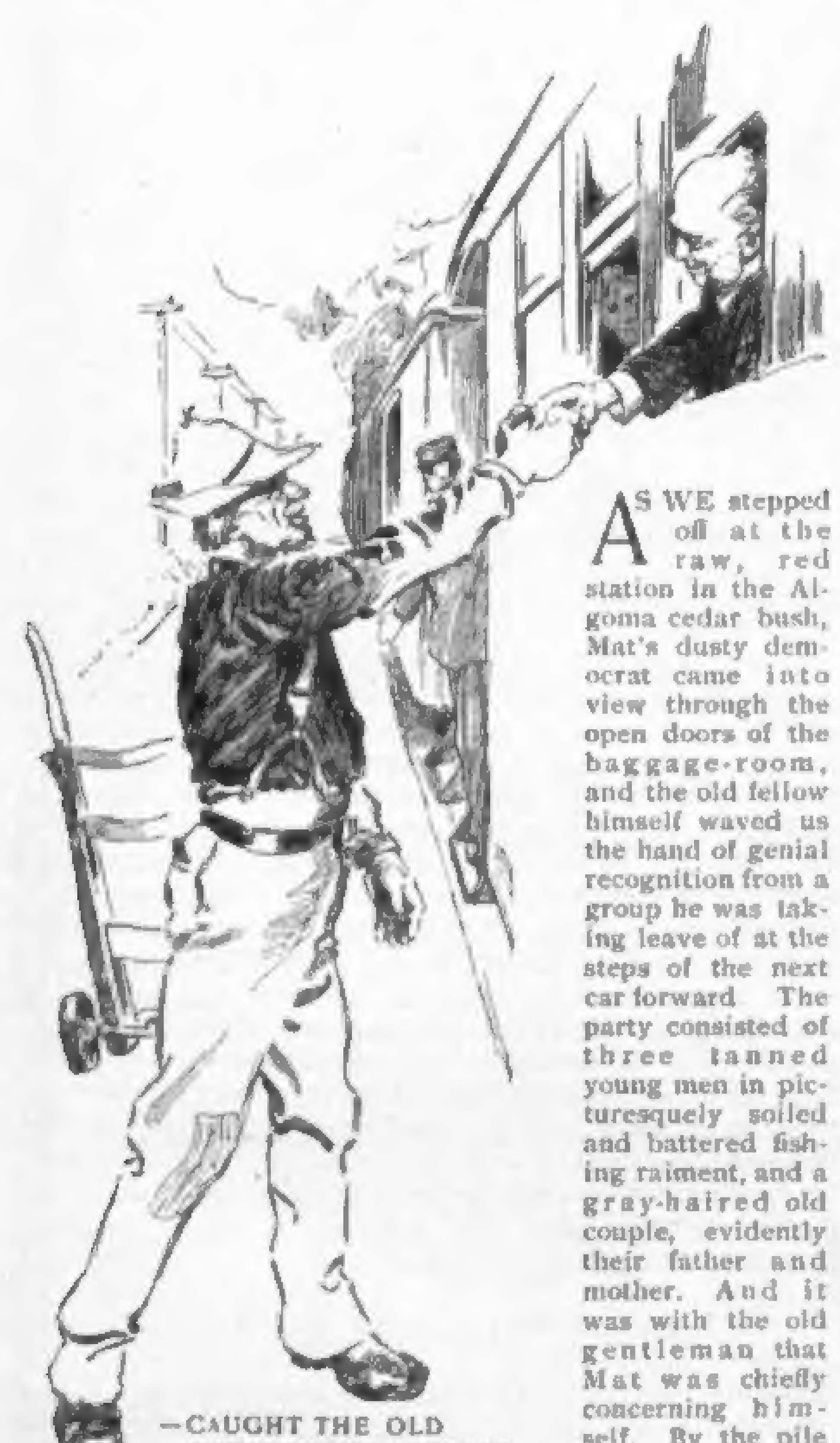
In this delightful assemblage of serene duck hunters there is no place for envious feeling toward either the slaughtering market shooter or the insatiable dead shot. They only seek, in their own mild and gentle way, the indulgence of the pleasures which the less bloody phases of duck hunting afford; and no censorious critic has the right to demand that their enjoyment should be marred or diminished by the exactions of veracity or self-abasement.

Reference has already been made to the scrupulous care of this fraternity for the promotion and preservation, at all hazards, of the shooting reputation of all the associates. This is a most important duty. Indeed, it may be reasonably feared that any neglect or faltering in its discharge would undermine the entire fabric of the serene brotherhood's renown. The outside world should never gain from any of its members the least hint that a weak spot has been developed in the shooting ability of any of their number; and in giving an account of hunting results it is quite within bounds for them to include in the aggregate, not only the ducks actually killed and those reported killed, but those probably killed and neither recovered nor reported. The fact that such an aggregate has been reported by an associate should impart to every member absolute verity, and each should make the statement his own, to the displacement of all other knowledge. Such ready support of each other's allegations and such entire self-abnegation are absolutely necessary if the safety of the organization is to be insured, and if its success and usefulness are to endure.

Thus the great body of serene duck hunters, who have associated together for the promotion of high aims and purposes, pursue the even tenor of their way. They do not clamor for noisy recognition nor make cheap exhibition of their virtues. They will, however, steadily and unostentatiously persevere, both by precept and practice, in their mission to make all duck hunters better and happier, and to mitigate the harsh and bloody features of duck hunting.

The Old Feller's Fishin'

By ARTHUR E. McFARLANE



—CAUGHT THE OLD GENTLEMAN'S FINGERS

AS WE stepped off at the raw, red station in the Algoma cedar bush, Mat's dusty democrat came into view through the open doors of the baggage-room, and the old fellow himself waved us the hand of genial recognition from a group he was taking leave of at the steps of the next car forward. The party consisted of three tanned young men in picturesquely soiled and battered fishing raiment, and a gray-haired old couple, evidently their father and mother. And it was with the old gentleman that Mat was chiefly concerning himself. By the pile of valises and suit-cases, still awaiting the toss of the baggage-man, were two shapelessly bulging oat-bags which experience told us were heavy with ice-and-sawdust-packed 'lunge and black bass; and it was plain that the ancient sportsman was fondly and nervously determined to see those two bags safely aboard before he embarked himself. But apparently Mat finally overruled him; for, with a traveling satchel in one hand and a green-baize-covered bundle of rods in the other, he managed at last to drive him reassuringly behind the others into the train. A moment later Mat was out again, and, hurrying up the platform, arrived at the baggage-car in time to "take ends" with the "agent" and heave the second sack thumpingly after the first. Then, as the train began to pull out, he came back in his striding run, waved his weather-browned slouch hat in an awkward gayety of farewell at the young men lounging in the vestibule, and caught the old gentleman's tremulous fingers through the window. His parting quaver of thanks he shook off with vigorous deprecation, and received the radiant gratitude of the tearfully proud little old lady beside him with kindly shyness. And till the last car was well past the platform he beamed after them broadly and lovingly. It was as if they had been two little children of the city and he a country grandfather bidding them good-by after the most joyous of holidays. It was not hard to see that he had been very good to them—and on the sixteen-mile drive out to the Forks we were to hear the story.

Mat gave us our annual welcome in a long grip apiece, assured us that all was well with him and that the fishing had never been better. Then we slid our satchels, rods and minnow-pails into the back of the democrat, and two minutes later we were bowling swiftly northward over the new Government road. Waters was first to come back to the "one subject." "So all the bass in the Wistassining aren't caught yet?" he asked tentatively.

Mat slowly turned himself sideways in the front seat and thoughtfully grasped the gray Wednesday stubble on his wrinkled jaw. "Well, I reckon, now, not to exaggerate, there's mebbe *one or two* left."

"The crowd you've just seen off seem to have got their share, all right, all right," said Gunn. "You didn't let them hike out that six-pounder you've been saving up for me, did you?"

The old boy's shoulders went straight up in a sudden, silent chuckle. "By jinks, now, Mr. Gunn, mebbe there you're aimin' better than you think for. They certainly did get some fish. Not to go too close into details, they weren't more than a thousand pounds inside the legal limit, I should say. And the old feller caught the best of them, too. That's what he did. And I don't think catchin' fish ever filled any man's heart fuller of solid happiness, neither. I know *I* never got more pure joy out of *helpin'* any man catch 'em."

"Who are they—more New Yorkers?"

"Pretty near. They come from York State—Albany city. Hutcheson their name is, except the young feller with the mustache; his name's Rogers, and he's a son-in-law. The three boys were up here last year—come the week after you left, and when they begun makin' arrangements to strike north again this summer the old feller took a notion that he'd come along, too. He'd stayed with his daughters the year before, and now he guessed he'd go a-fishin' with the men. And of course the old lady was bound to go along with him. Well, the sons, they're really good fellers, and they got right up and encouraged them in it. They picked the old man out a rod and tackle of the best, wrote on to me, and laid out to just make him one of the boys again. If they'd actu'lly thought of him as *old*, and acted smooth-handed with him accordin', it might have saved a lot of needless heartburnin'.

"For the old feller couldn't seem to catch any fish, and they, treatin' him exactly like one of theirselves, couldn't seem to roast him enough over it. You boys don't need to be told how it is when the crowd gets in at night and starts countin' up and comparin' catches. Fishin' puts all of us on the same footin', and the feller with the short string—no matter who he is—has got to stand for it.

"But I could see plain enough—though they seemed to be daft blind to it—that he was a long, long way from takin' it as it was meant. He smiled through it all some way or other, but it was a vinegared knife to him none the less. For he was just enterin' on those years when an old man begins to doubt and dread he ain't keepin' all his faculties—when he's forever strainin' his ear pitiful' open to hear every little word and hint that he ain't, and if what he *fears* is slowly beginnin' to be *true*—I tell you, now, that doesn't make it any easier to bear. I'm just gettin' old enough to guess what that is myself. Mebbe I'm not showin' any great outward signs of weakness, but I own to you, boys, that I haven't got the power and speed in me now that I had ten year ago. And when my lads, Jack and Lige, come home after harvest to help me lay up the winter's firin', and I take an end of the cross-cut saw with one of them while the other splits—often and often now, toward the middle of the afternoon I'd give the whole bush lot pretty near to be able to quit off for a restin' spell. But, by jinks, I don't let myself take it just the same. If I did it would seem to me as if the whole good from all the fatherin' and whalin' and teachin' I've ever give them would be clean lost and gone. The wife tells me I might as well face it now as later, and not mind how they take it. But—to give in that I'm playin' out—well, it's too mortal hard an own-up for me just yet a while And with old Mr. Hutcheson I knew it must be a hundred times harder; for with me it was only a matter of the body, and with him it was the head. Every night I could see it was cuttin' him deeper, and more and more I felt I ought to get out and help him. But what with my hay only bein' about half in, and my not knowin' just what to say to him anyway, I held back and kept my mouth shut.

"But along toward the end of the week, when one night he hadn't fin or scale to show for his day, and heard about it accordin', and him and me was walkin' up slow from the landin' in the dusk about a stone's throw behind the others—'They're good boys,' he comes out all of a sudden in a kind of achin' burst—'they're good boys, and I know it's only natural for them to have their joke—but they've about made it plain to me that I'm not good for anything any more. I should have stayed at home and sat with the women. It's where I belong, now.'

"That was just about all I needed. 'Well, Jerusalem, Mr. Hutcheson,' I says, 'this hot weather must be gettin' the better of *you*. You've got the excuse of not knowin' either black bass or the Wistassining, but that's all the excuse you have got, and you needn't try to get behind any other.'

"'I'm a played-out, weak-headed old man,' he says, 'and that's all there is to it.'

"'All right,' I says; 'if you are, so am I, too. But I reckon we've neither of us *quite* lost our grip just yet. And if you'll let me come along with you to-morrow and show you the river—you to supply the brains and fishin' part of it—mebbe you'll decide that you've been talkin' about side-trackin' yourself about twenty years before your time.'

"'May be, may be,' he answers, mighty sick-hearted; 'but I guess the truth about me is that I've been side-tracked now for long enough, without even brains enough left to see *that*. And the sooner I get to the scrap-heap the better.'

"'Quite so,' I says; 'quite likely that's the truth about me, too. But all the same I reckon it's worth while puttin' our heads together for one day anyway, just to make dead sure of it. This is the age of young men and great combinations, so they say. Mebbe if we two *old* fellers make a little combination of it to-morrow *we'll* learn a thing or two. Will you take me?'

"He said 'Yes' to it, but I could see the heart in him was dead and water-logged. And that night I heard the old lady doin' *her* best to comfort and spirit him up, too. But she didn't seem to be able to do any good, and only made herself completely miserable. I tell you I was so mortal sorry for them I couldn't half sleep. And I swore to myself: 'Old feller, you'll get bass to-morrow if there's one left in the Wistass. And as for the hay, well, it ain't good farmin', but I'll take the resk of leavin' it to the Creator. I reckon this week He's thinkin' more on old men that can't catch fish than He is on clover and timothy.'

"So next mornin' at dawn I went up to the Board of Works boom and netted a good pailful of big shiner minnies. And comin' back I stopped off at Kelly's Ma'sh, and added a dozen or two frogs, just for luck. Crabs I could get best where I was goin'. And when I got home, while the wife was fixin' up the lunch for us — with a spider and tea-pail for cookin' on the rocks — I hunted out my rubber thigh-boots and some spare old togs. When I stuffed them into the bow of the shalloop I overhauled the old feller's tackle kit. He was well enough provided, but I added a couple of Devon bait and a card of No. 3's — gut — to be on the safe side. Then I called him and we had breakfast.

"We were pushin' off in the old tub while the boys were still at their mornin' swim, and of course they did some wonderin'. 'Goin' out early to get a scowful?' one of them shouted. And, 'I reckon that's what,' I sent back; and then, to the old feller: 'And it depends just on you whether we get it or not.'

"'Then it depends on a worn-out tool,' he says.

"I showed him the boots. 'We'll have to wade out into the middle. Are you willin' to resk the rheumatiz?'

"'I am, indeed I am,' he says; 'I'll bear any pain at all if only I can get one big string. Every day for the last week I've thought I'd get it, and that would show them, but ——'

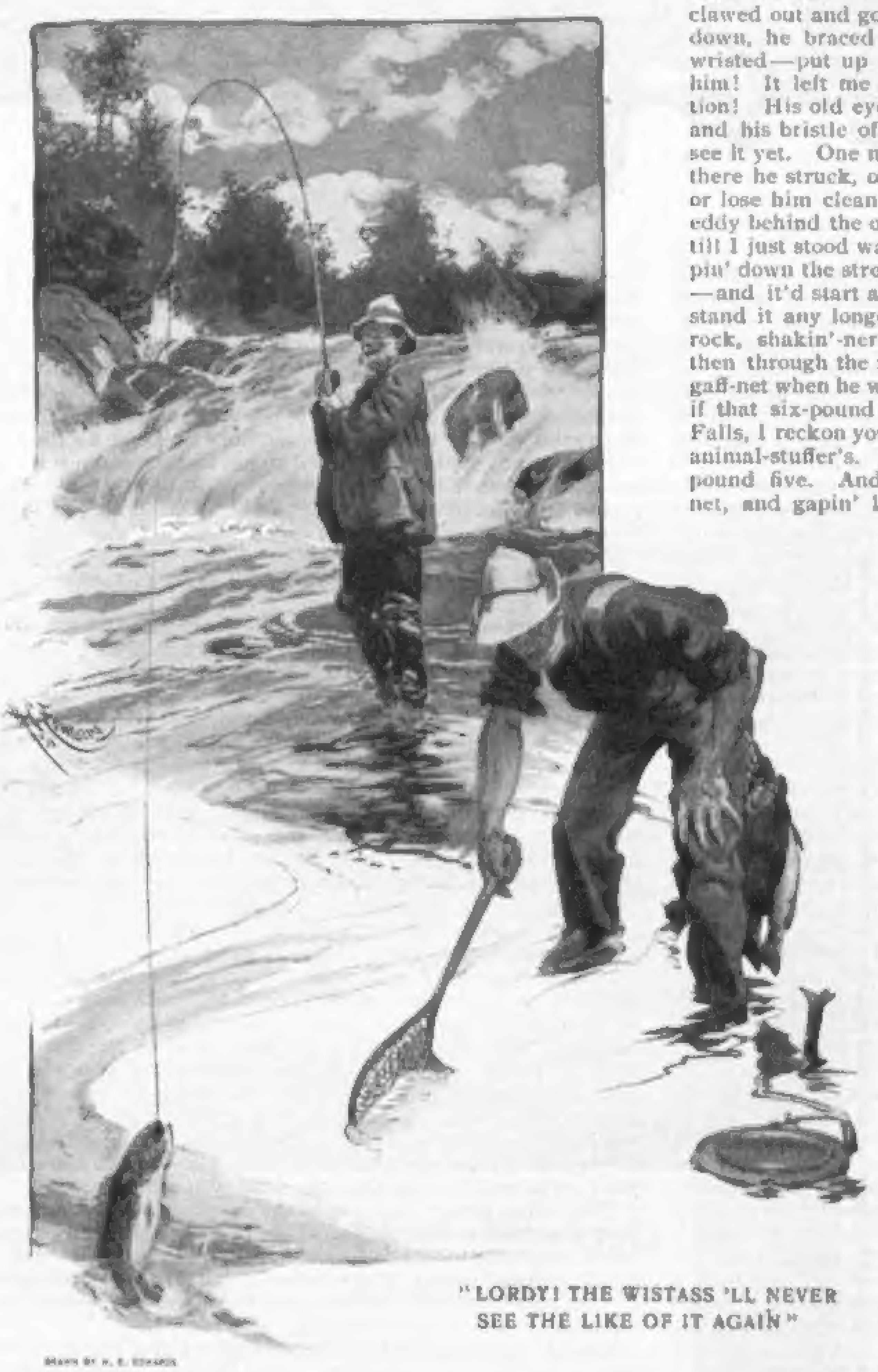
"'All right,' I says, 'I guess you'll show 'em this time.' And to tell the truth I didn't intend him to get wet, and didn't much fear the water'd hurt him if he did, for it's been milk-warm this year from early June. So I pulled ashore above the Chute, and we struck down through the burnt lands.

"Now, mebbe you think I'm goin' to tell you exactly where I took him — but I'm not, neither. You boys can't say but what I've always showed you places that give you your creels full and overflowin' by supper-time. I haven't any guilty conscience about no fishin' party that ever come to the Forks. But if I, or any other man that ever took outsiders over his river, was to say we'd give 'them all we knew of the water, complete and unreserved,' we'd be lyin', and that's the truth of it. There's just about three places I've kept for myself — and it was to one of them that I took old Mr. Hutcheson.

"I'll tell you this much, though. It was to one of the Lower Falls rapids. And when we'd pushed out of the bush, and he'd got sight of the ragged water, I could see what I'd said about havin' to wade come back to him, and he couldn't help bein' pretty nervous at the prospect. But, as I told him while I was puttin' him into the boots, exceptin' for the hole I was goin' to have him fish, it wasn't up to his neck anywhere. And once I'd got him started in, it was only a matter of steppin' from one flat stone to the next, though the foam and whirl of the current didn't let you see them. He gripped to me hard enough, and I could feel him quake every time he reached out and let his foot down. But he never got deeper than mid-thigh, and pretty soon I had him standin' ankle-deep on a sill of rock beside the Black Hole — a place known and named by the Injuns before ever a dressed log come through. I took another rock five or six feet lower down, and a little bigger, for I had to have room for the kit and minnie-pail. From there I could bait for him and use the gaff-net without gettin' in his way. I started him with a minnie, and the Hole didn't fail. In a twitch he had his first bite, and — well, *one* good reason for the old feller's gettin' no bass was plain and open to me: he was just pullin' the hook out of their mouths at the first jerk! To you it's old news, but a 'rapids' bass has his jaws and palate triple-zinc-plated; and if you're goin' to put the barb into them you've got to *strike* it in — give a little slack and then snap your line like a whip. Now, that isn't easy when you've twenty foot of silk out, and for lev'rage only an eight-ounce lancewood with a tip you could tie knots in. But if the old feller was goin' to catch fish he had to learn the twist right there; and I took hold of his leads from my gaffin' rock, give him his bites, and *learned* him! He struck and struck till he'd got it right, and after that I put him through a course of managin' his reel. Then I warned him that I'd stop baitin' the very first minute he begun to forget his teachin' — and give him another minnie.

"And then — well, and then he begun to catch bass! I've seen some pretty good rod sport in my forty years between James Bay and the Nipissing. I've caught them big and I've caught them many, as old Alf Johnston used to say. But I reckon I've never seen better than I did that day out in the mist and roar of the Ragged Rapids of the old Wistass! I've never seen fish more ravenin' hungry for the bait, and if I'd been holdin' the rod myself I couldn't have had one touch of the fun I had just lookin' on. The old feller lost any number, for I made him take time and play them; his tackle wouldn't have stood him anything else. But, by jinks, he caught 'em, too! He just had one long fight of it; his line never dangled two seconds waitin'. And what was more, they were bitin' large. What makes one-pounders bite one day and three-pounders the next? I've puzzled my head about that a hundred times. But I know this, that that day the old feller got a run of bass that kept him lurchin' and pitchin' and stiffenin' on his rock like some crazy toy-balloon on the end of a stick. At first, too, it was all terrible earnest with him. Every time he'd get his tug his jaws would set together and his old face get fierce as sin; and if he'd lose his fish he'd fairly groan. But once he found he was goin' to get all and more than he could handle, the true joy of fishin' come to him; and he just let himself out and reveled in it! And it got into my veins as bad as it did in his. I reckon we both went back to them happy days of childhood, all right, with all that's shoutin' delirious of a luny asylum into it!

"A whopper would grab for it, and when he'd leap and show his foot-and-a-half of solid, flashin' green the old feller'd let one *yoop-ee!* out of him, and stiffen to it like a Trojan. Down stream the zinc-jaw'd streak a-rippin', and — 'No, you don't, neither!' the old boy'd screech — 'No, you don't! Come back, come back, come back!' And he'd dig his heels into his rock, and grip to it and fight him over to me inch and foot, both of us yellin' like Injuns at a horse-race. Lordy! the Wistass'll never see the like of it again. Once a four-pounder run in straight behind him: I could see him totterin' backward off his balance and 'a' sworn that next minute he'd be in, ears over apple-cart. But no, sir! he whirled himself round in time, and, lettin' out his legs in one standin' lep, he come down on the slippery edge of my rock and took me round the neck crazier'n a woman! And there we stood grippin' to each other, gaspin' and chucklin' till I'd got him sure on his own pins again. Then between us we added that four-pounder to the double string weighin' from my belt like pig lead.



"LORDY! THE WISTASS 'LL NEVER SEE THE LIKE OF IT AGAIN"

"When I made him break off for dinner and the noon rest he had thirty-four. But even then it was pullin' teeth to get him to spare me two or three for the pan. However, I switched him off by gettin' him to dike in a little pond along shore for the others, and cover them over with long marsh-grass so they'd keep cool and not bleach. By that time I had dinner cooked, which I saw to he e't his share of. And after that I made him smooth it down well with a good, slow smoke before I'd let him in again.

"And it was just as well I did, for the mornin' had taken more of his stren'th than I'd thought for. When I'd got him out and on his rock again, for a long while his legs didn't seem to have any confidence into them, and couldn't seem to stay put. For all I laughed and laughed at him, and he laughed just as much at himself, I wouldn't have him planted half a minute before his knees would begin to weaken and wobble, he'd feel his hold a-goin' from under him, and he'd let go and come back to me a-leppin' and a-huggin' worse than the time before; till at last, when I'd broke about his fourth strangle-holt, I says to him: 'Now, look here, old feller; you're gettin' altogether too giddy. You leave off this female-affection business and get back to your fishin'.' And so, by degrees, I got him steadied and hard a-haulin' 'em in again. Then he seemed to fish stronger than ever. He caught a dozen in the first hour, and for a while I thought he'd beat his mornin's record. However, his nineteenth was his last. But I guess he didn't regret it any!

"I saw him get the tug, and his silk cut the eddy so swift it threw up a reg'lar 'fin' of water. And when he got the full force of it the old feller let out a holler and all but went in headforemost. I took it for granted it was a 'lunge — and a fifteen or twenty pounder at that — for you sometimes strike a stray big one even in the roughest water — and I yelled to him to pay out his line and I'd be there in half a jiffy. But he screeched back that he had him tight and he'd fetch him in or break the pole. And *break* that rod did, next minute! I thought it was all over then. But he clawed out and got hold of his line. And then, crouchin' down, he braced himself and — buckle-backed and stiff-wristed — put up a fight no man'd ever believed was in him! It left me just one wonderin', unbreathin' admiration! His old eyes a-glitterin', and his mouth half open and his bristle of whiskers pumpin' up and down — I can see it yet. One minute he'd all but have him in — but no, there he struck, off again — and it was give him more line or lose him clean! And next minute he'd put in for the eddy behind the old feller, and he'd bend back and back till I just stood waitin' to grip out for him as he come floppin' down the stream! And then off that fish'd pike again — and it'd start all over. At last I just naturally couldn't stand it any longer, and took one lep for the old feller's rock, shakin'-nervous as he'd jumped for mine. And then through the rest of it I held him, and give him the gaff-net when he was ready to fetch him in —— Mr. Gunn, if that six-pound bass you've been after was below the Falls, I reckon you'll have to look for him now in a Albany animal-stuffer's. For a six-pound bass this was — six pound five. And, as he lay buckin' and kickin' in the net, and gapin' like the mouth of a two-quart milk jug, I thought he'd go a good seven. I tell you, when the old fellers combine they make a pretty strong team sometimes. But, Lord love you, just at that moment we didn't *feel* old. We just raised up one *youp* together, and went in-shore hands clutched and jumpin' from stone to stone like two ten-year-olds makin' for a divin'-hole.

"But that ended fishin' for that day. The old feller's rod was past mendin' outside the tool-house, and it was all but sundown, anyway. He put the six-pounder in the dinner-basket — cuddlin' him down in grass like a mother cradlin' her first baby — and I strung the rest on a doubled piece of old troll'-line. We hung the string over a tam'rack saplin' and each of us took an end on our shoulders. And I reckon as we struck off through the bush we were as near like those two pioneer Israelites bringin' back the bunch of Eshcol grapes from the Promised Land as anything you're likely to see hereabouts!

"Up till then, when we took the road homeward, the old feller seemed to have almost forgot what we'd come out for. But now, when I turned to look at him, I could see it had all come back to him in a rush. The whole joy and pride of it was shinin' in his face. His eyes was just hangin' on those bass as if he couldn't believe in them; and he was sort of whisperin' to hisself in a way I've only seen afore in little children.

"'You got your string this time, all right,' I says to him.

"'Yes,' he says; 'I guess it's all right this time.' And then he fell quiet, and so we tramped out into Thompson's Meadow.

"The sun was just settin', and the whole west was one rollin' sea of crimson and purple and gold, wonderful and mighty and serene, like the hosts of the Lord seen afar off. Oh, I tell you, friends, no old man could look at that and be sick-hearted or afraid! And this poor old feller, I could see it fillin' him, and his soul risin' and swellin' with it like a sail in a strong wind. The tears come into his eyes, but they were tears of stren'th and thankfulness. And as we went on into the silence and the glory of it, the first thing I knew he was singin'! It wasn't loud; he only quavered that old hymn to hisself, soft and inward-like.

"'At even, ere the sun was set '—

he sung —

"'The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
Oh, in what divers pains they met!
Oh, with what joy they went away!——'

"He got his reception all right that night. When the boys caught their breath they rose to it and piled it on in a way that would have satisfied all the old fellers in Yankeeland. And the old lady just wanted to hug him right there and then, whether or no. He shipped that six-pounder off to Albany next day, and then fished with the rest of them — and caught bass for bass, and 'lunge, too, a-trollin' — till their stay was over. And, as far as I could see, he went home tol'able content and proud with hisself.

"As for that hay I left to the Almighty, I'm bound to say there didn't seem to 'a' been any miracle worked on it; it didn't increase tenfold, nor it wasn't any juicier for layin' out that day longer than it should — mebbe, on the whole, I lost as much as ten dollars on it. But, so far, I've managed to bear up under that pretty well!"

TALES OF THE DIAMOND

By James A. Hart, President Chicago League Ball Club

DRAWN BY JAMES PRESTON

PHOTO BY A. H. [illegible] & CO.

MR. JAMES A. HART

BASEBALL compels the outlay, by the club managers, of almost four million dollars a year. What more substantial and convincing evidence could be demanded that it holds first place in the favor of the American public and deserves undeniably the title, "Our National Game"? There is no escape from the conclusion that such an expenditure would not be made were it not well established that the sport is firmly fixed in the hearts of this people. And to appreciate rightly the significance of this annual expenditure for baseball it should be remembered that the physical appointments of the game are very simple, involving nothing like the elaborate plant required for such games as golf and polo.

Baseball is our national game because Americans demand the best of everything, and because this is the best game, for the spectator, that was ever invented.

It is a manly game, with unremitting demands upon both the physical and mental powers of the players. It is a clean game. With a single exception professional baseball has never been found to be dishonest. In 1877 three players of the National League were found guilty of throwing games. They were expelled and have never since been permitted to play in or against a regularly organized team.

Baseball has little in the way of venerable traditions. That it had its start in the good old English game of "rounders" is altogether probable. Gradually it passed through the processes of evolution, marking its varied stages of development by the names "one-old-cat," "two-old cat," "town ball," "scrub" and, ultimately, "baseball."

An Enthusiastic Baseball Era

As to the professional history of the game in its final form, it should be remembered that the instant a sport reaches the professional stage it is beset by temptations which appeal to avarice, and must then begin a constant struggle to preserve its integrity and true sporting spirit. Whenever the organization of baseball has been interfered with disorder has followed. In the early days of 1875-6-7 gambling obtained a foothold, and the effort to eradicate it resulted in the formation of the National League. In 1877 the expulsion of the players above referred to took place, and, with this, gambling became almost unknown in connection with baseball.

The American Association was formed in 1882, but it did not conflict with the National League in territory and soon joined in the regular organization. Baseball matters then progressed smoothly until 1884, when the Union Association was formed in competition with organized baseball. This was short-lived, the movement being a disastrous failure. Then came a very prosperous era, extending to 1890, during which time star players received the highest salaries that the game has ever known. It was during this era, however, that the harmful practice of selling releases of players from one club to another became prominent.

Under this tidal wave of prosperity and high-pressure competition John Clarkson was paid $25,000 for a three years' contract with the Bostons. Of this, $10,000 was designated as "bonus" and the remainder as salary. Several players were given salaries amounting to $7000 a year.

The success of the game was so great that outside capitalists, believing that the profits were very much greater than they really were, advanced the necessary capital with which to form an opposition league known as the Brotherhood of Professional Baseball Players. They secured grounds in eight of the leading cities of the country, equipped them with magnificent grandstands and accommodations for large seating capacity. But the Brotherhood lasted only one year, proving conclusively that, though the player has his place in the game, the so-called "magnate" is equally indispensable, one department requiring professional skill and the other demanding knowledge, experience in affairs, and executive ability.

When the adjustment of matters came, at the end of that year, the American Association became dissatisfied with a decision made by the Board of Arbitration and withdrew from organized baseball, conducting its affairs independently during the season of 1891. The following winter baseball was again thoroughly organized by the amalgamation of the National League and the American Association, and a circuit with twelve club members was formed. This organization met with more or less success until 1900, when it was thought advisable to reduce the circuit to the eight large cities east of the Missouri River. Then the Western League, which had heretofore confined its territory to the West, became ambitious to expand and to take up the territory dropped by the old organization. This desire led it to cut loose from organized baseball and strike out independently. Naturally this movement has led to other complications which have not been for the best welfare of the national game.

Financial Figures and Famous "Fans"

There is undeniably an acute public interest in the finances of professional baseball. Though no magnate feels at liberty to go deeply into details on this score, I may be permitted to say something.

First: I do not believe that professional baseball in the United States is a self-sustaining institution; I believe that the expenses of the game in its entirety are greater than its receipts.

For instance, making a rough estimate in round figures, let us seek to approximate fairly the main expenditures. We may say there are one hundred minor league clubs; that fifty of these clubs are put to an expense of $150 a game, and that they play, on an average, 120 games a year. This would amount to a gross expense of $900,000. The remaining fifty, whose expenses are probably $250 a game, and which play 120 games, would spend each season $1,500,000. The expenses of the American League, with eight clubs, reach perhaps $500 for each of its 140 games, making a total of $560,000 for the season. The expenses of the eight clubs of the National League are perhaps $600 a day for each club, or $672,000 for 140 games. Semi-professional and unattached clubs spend probably $250,000. This makes the total cost a year, for professional baseball in America, $3,882,000. The estimate is under rather than over, and it is safe to say that this amount paid out is much larger than the total of receipts.

There is no doubt, however, of the devotion of the American people to their favorite game. This is attested in many ways, but a notable evidence is by the addition of the word "fan" to our nomenclature. The baseball "fan" is the person who carries his enthusiasm for the sport to an extreme—the word being a contraction of "fanatic."

Among the men who have been proud of the game and of their devotion to it, one of the most distinguished is United States Senator Gorman, who was at one time President of the "Nationals" of Washington. Perhaps he has attained the greatest distinction of any man officially identified with baseball. Ex-Senator David B. Hill, of New York, is also a devotee of the game. Ex-Governor Morgan G. Buckeley, of Connecticut, was at one time President of the National League. Hon. Walter Q. Gresham was fond of baseball, and while he was Secretary of State he frequently attended the games in Washington. Among the actors, De Wolf Hopper, Digby Bell, Nat Goodwin and Maurice Barrymore have been pronounced enthusiasts on the subject of baseball.

Mayor Fleischmann, of Cincinnati, likes the game so well that he has, at his own expense, engaged professional players, quartered them at his country residence and played the neighboring teams, simply for his own amusement.

The Story of "General Hi Hi Dixwell"

There are other instances of similar devotion to the sport. The most pronounced case of this kind, however, is that of a staid and conservative Boston millionaire, whose name I am not permitted to mention. He has a beautiful country home on one of the islands of the Massachusetts coast. There he not only maintains an excellent team of his own but pays the expenses of its contestants, who are imported to play for the baseball parties given by him. General Taylor, editor and proprietor of the Boston Globe, is also an enthusiast. In 1889, when I was manager of the Boston team, General Taylor wired me, in the last week of the season, that if the team should retain first place he would make the players a present of a thousand dollars in gold. The championship was lost on the last day of the season, the Bostons losing and the New Yorks winning. Much to my gratification, upon returning to the hotel I found a telegram from General Taylor saying the fight had been a hard one, that the glory in thus losing was almost as great as that of winning, under the circumstances which existed, and that he therefore stood ready to hand over the $1000. This he did at a dinner to which he invited all the players and myself on our return to Boston.

Another enthusiast is Mr. Arthur Dixwell, of Boston. In 1889 he traveled with the Boston team the entire season; did not miss a single game; paid his own expenses in every way; asked no favors; and in addition presented the players with a box of cigars at the close of every game they won.

Mr. Dixwell kept all the records of the National League players as faithfully as a bank clerk keeps his books. That fall the team made a trip to California after the close of the season, and Mr. Dixwell played the string out. Although ordinarily a very quiet man, he was on his feet shouting his peculiar "Hi, Hi!" whenever the time came for applause for the Bostons. He soon was dubbed "Hi Hi Dixwell"; but, being a man of dignity, the sobriquet seemed too familiar; consequently he was called "General Hi Hi Dixwell."

The gradual decadence of a once great star of the diamond is to me the most pathetic of all spectacles presented by this splendid sport. It seems as if the player is the last to realize that his skill is waning, his eye dimming, his nerves becoming treacherous and his honors slipping into the hands of younger men. There have been scores of touching cases of this kind.

The Most Tragic Baseball Episode

Undoubtedly the most dramatic and at the same time tragic incident connected with the game was that of the Cherokee player who, in the middle of the ball season, was sentenced by the chiefs of his Nation to pay the death penalty for a grave infraction of their laws. He was a star member of the ball team of the Nation, and the management requested that he be permitted to travel with the team until the time set for execution. The Indian was called before the authorities, made acquainted with the request, and asked if he would return at the proper time. He gave his word that he would, and was permitted to have his liberty without any bond or surety other than his simple pledge. He traveled through several States, in addition to the Indian Territory, and, with true Indian stoicism, played splendid ball, although every game brought him nearer to his execution. When the expiration of his parole arrived he returned without a moment's hesitancy to his tribe and delivered himself up to the officers of the law, whereupon the sentence was carried out.

To single out certain games as the greatest in the history of baseball is a task too Herculean for me to attempt. All games of ball played by the high-grade clubs are great in a certain sense, and the degree of greatness is a matter of opinion. A game is not always great simply because it happens to run into extra innings. It should be and is greater in my estimation when seemingly impossible plays are made, shutting off runs at the plate or on the bases at critical times.

The question is often asked: Are ball players of to-day better players than those of twenty years ago? This is largely a matter of opinion, but I think that as a class they are much superior. It is possible, of course, to pick out such players as George Wright, Ross Barnes, A. G. Spalding, Bobby Mathews, Cal McVey and others who would probably be successful now with the same skill which they possessed in their day; but the rank and file of to-day are as a whole much superior to those of twenty years ago. As the game has changed its laws it has become more difficult and scientific.

It is very much more difficult to obtain players of National League calibre than it was a few years ago, notwithstanding the fact that there are fifty players to select from now where there was but one then.

In my estimation the catcher who added the most strength to his team was William "Buck" Ewing, formerly captain of the New York club. In addition to being a most wonderful backstop, he was perhaps as good a thrower to bases as the game has ever known. He was also a marvelous batsman and a fast base-runner, and knew the game from A to Z. As captain of the New York team his generalship has never been excelled. He knew the weakness of every opposing batter, knew what direction in the field he was apt to hit a certain kind of pitched ball; he placed his fielders and signaled the pitcher for the kind of ball he desired to be delivered, and the success he attained in his judgment of the player was simply marvelous.

Poor Charlie Bennett, who was taken from the game by a railroad accident by which he lost both of his feet, was another great catcher. As a backstop and a thrower to bases he was undoubtedly Ewing's equal and by many was considered his superior. However, as a batsman, base-runner and general

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Editor's Note—This is first of two papers by Mr. Hart on baseball players and enthusiasts.

he was not the equal of Ewing. I do not think that Kelly, known as "King" Kelly, a player for whom I had the highest admiration, was the equal in any fielding position to many others who might be named. His superiority was in another department of the game and will be referred to later.

The pitcher who added the most strength to his team was, I think, Charles G. Ferguson, of the Philadelphia Club. Not only was he a most effective pitcher, a finished fielder in his position and a splendid base-runner and batsman, but he could play almost any position on the field as well as the regular fielder and was capable of doing an immense amount of work. Ferguson was of a very quiet, retiring disposition and died before his worth was really appreciated.

"Bobby" Mathews was a great pitcher. He was very small of stature and it did not seem as if he could muster the strength necessary to become a successful pitcher; but what he lacked in strength he gained in generalship, and the fact that he did not have the ordinary amount of strength made his success as a pitcher the more noticeable. "Bobby" was perhaps the greatest imitator that ever occupied the pitcher's box. His era was that in which the new deliveries were being discovered. He was one of the very first to use the "curved" and the "drop" ball, and no matter what delivery came under his eye he at once mastered it and became proficient in its use. A singular whim of Mathews was that he always kept one side of the ball perfectly white. In those days but one ball was used during a game. That practice could not, of course, be successfully carried out now when, in some games, more than a dozen balls are used.

For speed and quick play, with force and strength as decisive elements, the game has probably never turned out a pitcher superior to Amos Rusie.

As a general in the pitcher's box I consider Clark Griffith the peer of any person now or ever playing in the game, with the possible exception of Mathews. Griffith is capable of getting great results with small effort. In the language of the poker player, he "never shows his hand until he is compelled to." In other words, if he is successful in keeping his opponents from scoring by simply pitching easy balls, he continues along that line, reserving his force for critical periods of the game. Griffith will work his team out of more bad positions than almost any other pitcher now playing.

John Clarkson was also a true general in the box and believed in making the batsman hit the ball when the bases were occupied, trusting to his fielders to retire the batsman. With a man on first base and no player out, he would invariably attempt to make the next batsman hit the ball so that there would be a chance for a double play or the retirement of one of the opponents. Clarkson had what is called a "jump" ball—that is, the ball would be so delivered that when it reached the batsman it would apparently rise from its course, causing the batsman to strike under the ball, raising it into the air and making it a "fly," which the fielders would usually capture. As this ball required great strength, he did not use it until, in the parlance of the players, he was "in the hole"—that is to say, when the base-runners were getting dangerously near the plate. Radburn was another great general. He was Griffith's teacher, and to say that their pitching is very similar is a compliment to each.

Tom Ramsey, the left-hander, probably delivered the ball in a way that was more difficult to hit than that of any other pitcher who ever played. It was no remarkable thing for him to strike out from one-half to two-thirds of the batsmen during a game. He was a bricklayer by trade and had worked at it from boyhood, and consequently had acquired great strength in the thumb and the first and second fingers of his left hand. In delivering the ball he grasped it with the thumb and these two fingers and delivered it with tremendous force. If it was to be a "drop" ball he would deliver the sphere from the centre of his first two fingers with powerful speed behind the ball, and when the speed from this source would be overcome by the force put on by the side-finger delivery the ball would drop at an angle of almost forty-five degrees. His fast ball, or "rising ball" as it is better known, was similarly held in the hand and delivered, with exactly the same motion as the ball referred to except that it was delivered from the ends of his fingers; and when the momentum back of it was overcome by the retarding whirl given the ball by the fingers at the top, the ball would jump upward. Consequently the batsman could not tell whether it would be a drop ball or a "jump" ball until it was too late to "connect" with it. Ramsey's delivery was very difficult to handle, for the "drop" ball dropped so suddenly that it would usually strike the ground between the catcher and the batsman, thus making it very difficult for the catcher to secure it, and usually rendering it necessary for the ball to be thrown to first base to retire the batter.

As a pitcher whose only object in baseball is to deceive the batsman, I believe that Ramsey never had an equal, and I doubt if he ever will have; but as a winner of games he was not successful, for a "strike out" pitcher always gives more or less bases on balls, and consequently may lose his games though very few hits are made off his delivery.

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Our Changeful Climate

By William Mathews, LL. D.

THERE is an amusing story told of a strange clergyman who came for several successive days into that resort of the London wits in Queen Anne's time, Button's coffee-house, and each day laid his hat on the table, and walked quickly back and forth for half an hour or an hour without speaking to any one present. He would then take up his hat, pay his money at the bar, and walk away without opening his lips. This singular behavior led the observers to conclude that he was out of his wits, and they named him "the mad parson." One evening, as Addison, Ambrose Philips and the other frequenters of Button's were watching him, they saw him cast his eyes several times at a gentleman in boots, just from the country, and, at last, advance toward him as if to address him. Eager to hear what the hitherto dumb, mad parson had to say, all the wits immediately quit their seats to get near him. Going up to the country gentleman, the parson very abruptly, and without any salute, said to him: "Pray, sir, do you remember any good weather in this world?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply; "I thank God I remember a good deal of good weather in my time."

"That is more than I can say," rejoined the parson. "I never remember any weather that was not too hot or too cold, too wet or too dry; but, however Providence contrives it, at the end of the year 'tis all very well."

Saying this, he took up his hat, and, without uttering a syllable more, or taking the least notice of any one, stalked out of the coffee-house, leaving all the spectators of this odd scene still more firmly convinced that he was mad.

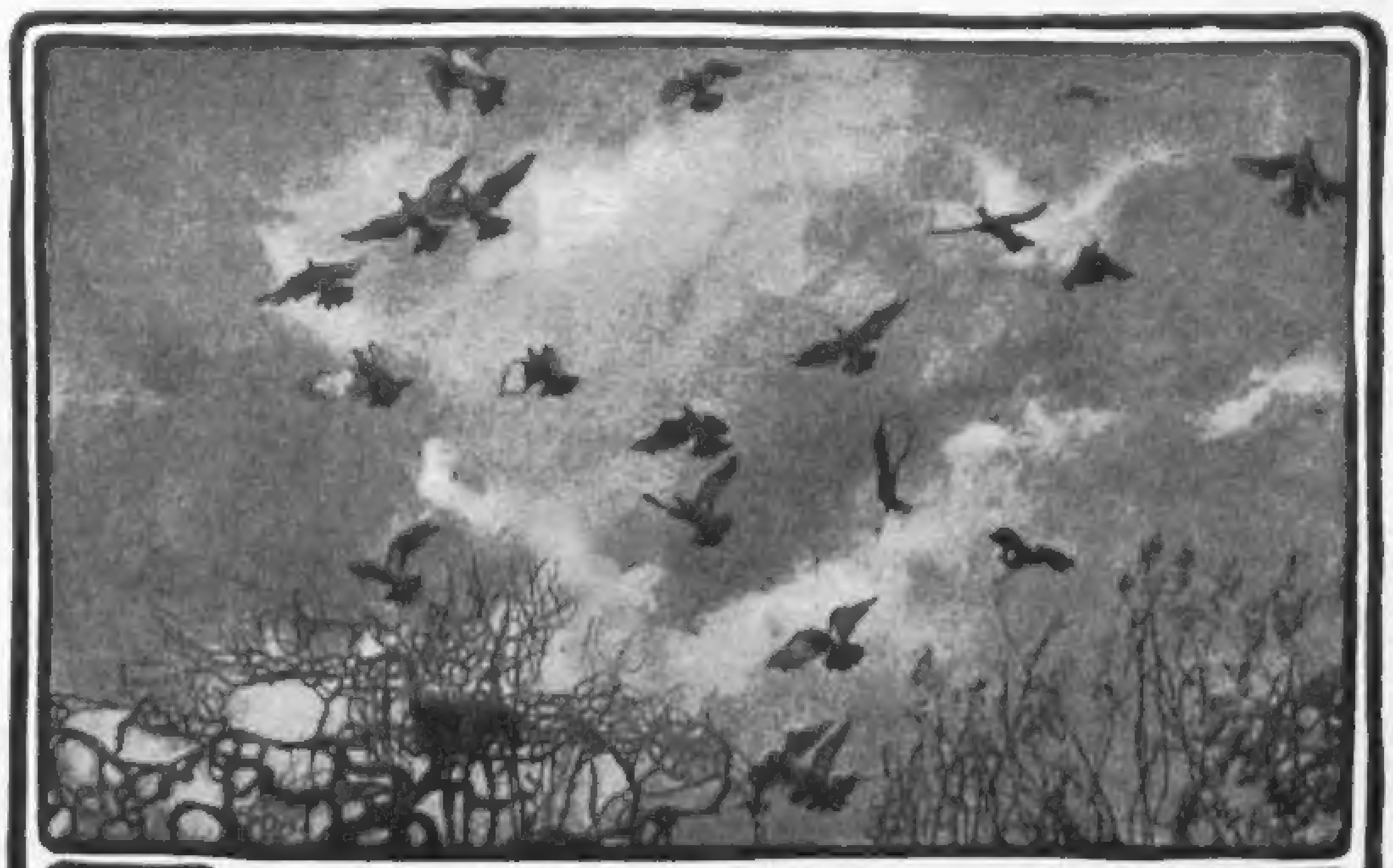
This eccentric parson was no less a personage than the great writer and powerful satirist—the haughty misanthrope—Jonathan Swift, author of Gulliver's Travels and The Battle of the Books. His sweeping indictment of the world's weather anticipated the opinion of many persons to-day, if we may judge by their frequent and pessimistic complaints.

During the last autumn, which delighted thousands by its mild temperature and helped the poor to economize in their coal bills, not a few persons complained of "the unseasonable heat"; and yet had Jack Frost pinched their ears they would probably have complained more loudly still. But the main charge brought against our American climate, and especially that of New England, is its changefulness. Hardly, we are told, has the weathercock begun to point in one direction, when, presto! it veers around to the opposite. Like Satan's unhappy followers in Paradise Lost, who, "by harpy-footed Furies haled," are made to

> "feel by turns the bitter change
> Of fierce extremes, extremes by change
> more fierce,—
> From beds of raging fire to starve in ice
> Their soft ethereal warmth . . . . . .
> . . . . thence hurried back to fire"—

you are at one moment perspiring at every pore, and at the next shivering with a sudden chill that stiffens every limb and benumbs every faculty.

This charge is not unfounded; indeed, we have known the mercury to fall in Chicago fifty degrees in an hour. But is our American climate alone in its fickleness? Is not the same thing true of nearly all the climates of Europe and of Asia? Is not Germany exposed to "fierce extremes" of bleak winds from "the blown Baltic" and hot gales from the South? In London we have known it to rain, hail, snow and be warm and sunny, by turns, in the course of half an hour. Americans in Paris have experienced as sudden changes as at home. Newspaper correspondents complain that the climate of that city has become even more changeful and capricious than the Parisienne herself. A few years ago (in 1892) the heat rose in April to eighty degrees Fahrenheit in the shade. Every day was brilliant; the trees along the boulevards and in the public gardens burst into leaf, the poodles went and got shaved, and people dressed themselves as lightly as in July. The heated asphalt began to toast the feet, and there was a rush into the country to secure villas for the summer. Suddenly there was a complete change. The temperature fell with indecent haste; a freezing wind, driving snowflakes before it, pierced the citizens, and on went the overcoats and furs again. The grippe and pneumonia became epidemic, budding vegetation shrivelled, devastation fell upon the confiding countryside, and widespread loss followed a too ready trust in the fickle promise of an easy prosperity. Several times, during recent years, the excessive heat of the London summers has driven American tourists to the highlands of Scotland. Such instances might easily be multiplied to show that we are not worse off in climate than our neighbors.



The Word to the People of the Air . . *By* Bliss Carman

Who hath uttered the wondrous hearsay,
The rumor abroad on the air,
The tribal journey summons,
The signal to flock and fare?

Who hath talked to the shy bird-people,
And counseled the feathered breast
To follow the sagging rain-wind
Over the purple crest?

O tribes of the silver whistle,
And folk of the azure wing,
Who hath revived in a night
The magic tradition of spring?

By shores of the low Gulf Islands,
Where the steaming lands emerge,
By reefs of the Dry Tortugas,
Drenched by the crumbling surge,

From the hot and drowsy shallows
Of the silent Everglades,
From creamy coral beaches
In the breath of the Northeast Trades,

We have heard, without note or warble,
Quaver or chirp or trill,
The far and soft-blown tidings
Summon from hill to hill.

Up from the blue horizon
By cañon and ridge and plain,
Where ride in misty columns
The spearmen of the rain,

The broods of the light air-people
Will bevy and team and throng,
To fill the April valleys
With gurgle and lisp and song.

They know where the new green leafage
Spreads like the sweep of day,
Over the low Laurentians
And up through the Kootenay.

They know where the nests are waiting,
And the icy ponds are thawed,
For the stir and the sight are on them,
Moving the legions abroad.

The oriole under Monadnoc
Will cast his golden spells;
In deep Ontarian meadows
The reed-bird will loose his bells;

The thrushes will fute over Grand Pré,
The quail by the Manomet shore,
The wild drake feed in the bogan,
The swallow come back to the door.

Tanager, robin and sparrow,
Grossbeak, warbler and wren,
The children of gladness gather
In clearing and grove and fen

For the bright primeval summer,
In their slumbering heart having heard
A strain of the great *Resurgam*,
A call of the airy Word

A WOMAN'S WASHINGTON

By "The Congressman's Wife"

TRULY the Spring Goddess is good to us, and has wondrous ways of manifesting herself. What could be more wondrous than her manifestation to Congressmen in the shape of the deluge of bulgy, bulky yellow packages bearing in black-letter words of which no one knoweth the meaning save the geniuses who preside over the Department of Agriculture? These yellow packets come by the wagon-load, and when they stack up in piles in the committee-rooms Congress knows that the Spring Goddess is at hand and that the spring constituent is ready for more surprises.

This subject of garden seeds is rather a sore one with Robert, and it was brought up around our board the other night when we had a congenial gathering at dinner. Among our guests were Commander X. Y. Z., of the Navy, General C——, our retired Army friend, Mr. Morelos, of the Spanish Legation, Senator and Mrs. Blank, and, of course, Senator P——. The two Senators were poking fun at Robert about some experiences of his with the Department of Agriculture, and I was moved to ask with some anxiety:

"What sort of an animal can it be, called 'Andropogon,' that Mr. Burleson, of Texas, is so concerned to have exterminated? I heard him talking about this creature in the House, and from his accounts it must be little short of a monster."

"Animal?" exclaimed all three Senators, and then they sent up a great laugh in unison.

"Yes, animal," said I with some tartness; "nothing but an animal can 'choke,' 'root,' 'devastate and devour,' and that was what Mr. Burleson said this animal is doing down in the Lone Star State."

"Why, Mrs. Slocum," said Senator Blank, much tickled, "'Andropogon' is just simply grass, Johnson grass, as they call it down in Texas. But the Department has given it a Greek name, 'Andropogon Halepensis,' and Burleson is astute enough to know that 'Andropogon' can get more appropriation than 'Johnson grass.'"

"Grass!" echoed I in disgust. "Why I thought at least that it was the megatherium come back to roam through Texas. The names the Department gives certainly are misleading, and, if the truth be told, every package of seeds you Congressmen get contains a surprise. I know for certain of one package of seeds that nearly cost Robert his Senatorial toga."

"Oh, come now!" said Robert protestingly.

"Give us the story," cried the whole table in high glee.

Robert smiled feebly while I told the tale.

"It was the spring before the Legislature at Spruce City met, and Robert was in the Senatorial fight. We weren't sure how things would go. Suddenly the wife of one very doubtful legislator wrote to Robert asking if he could get her a package of Madeira-vine seeds from the Government propagating gardens; she wanted it to cover her back fence. This was our chance, we thought, to make a firm friend and a firm vote in that Legislature. Well, it took more writing back and forth to the Department and more red tape before the Madeira seeds were obtained. One day Robert said he had mailed those blessed seeds at last, and I asked him if he was sure they were all right.

"'Oh, yes,' he said confidently, 'they had the Latin name on in black print, "Trichosanthes Colubrina."'

"'It doesn't sound like Madeira-vine at all,' I threw in by way of suggestion, 'though Colubrina probably means vine.'

"Well, time passed and in the early summer Robert had a letter that made things hum for us. The wife of our hoped-for-friendly legislator wrote:

"'When I asked for a package of Madeira seeds I did not think that our Representative from Spruce City would make me the butt of a joke. Do you know, sir, that my back fence is covered with the most monstrous green and yellow striped snakes, several feet long? Some hang by their heads, some by their tails, to a long, leafless vine, and I consider that I have been insulted, sir, insulted!'

"We were aghast," I continued, "and Robert hurried to headquarters to find out what on earth they had given him that had come up like snakes. He told them the Latin name that had been on the package, and the official said blandly:

"'I am very sorry there was a mistake, but Trichosanthes is the name for Viper-Gourd, or Snake-Gourd, the fruit of which is long and twists like a snake, and is the most hideous known to Nature.'"

There was a shout at our expense in which we joined, of course. Then Senator P—— said:

"I am reminded of a time years ago when I was over in the House. We had no Department of Agriculture then, and all our plants and seeds came from the Botanical Gardens, of which Mr. Smith is the head. I had an old lady constituent who wanted a Century plant, and she wound up her letter of request with this remarkable demand:

"'I don't want no ordinary Century plant, but one of them kind that blooms onct or twict a year!'"

This touched a chord in the memories of Senator Blank, and he immediately broke into our laughter:

"Apropos of the Agricultural Department, Professor H. W. Wiley, their chief chemist, made a very good speech at our Cornell dinner the other night. Foraker presided, and when Wiley got up he preceded his speech with a compliment to the management of the dinner for omitting the customary cocktail from the menu, which, as he said, really performed no other office than to spread 'a devastating flood of alcohol upon a broad expanse of expectant pepsin.'"

"Which certainly went to prove the lack of truth of that old saw that 'no man can be wise on an empty stomach,'" said Robert dryly.

Senator Blank continued:

"Wiley said that not long ago he was at an out-of-town banquet where his chief, Secretary Wilson, was to have made the principal speech, but Wilson was detained. The toastmaster upon learning the situation and seeing Wiley present rose and said:

"'I am sorry to have to announce that, owing to the press of public business, the Secretary of Agriculture, who was expected to be with us this evening, is unable to be on hand, but his absence is quite fully compensated by the presence with us of one whose name is a household word wherever agriculture and chemistry are known——'

"At this point the toastmaster became visibly embarrassed, but, looking at Wiley, seemed to regain his composure and began all over. When he came again to the concluding words, 'whose name is a household word wherever agriculture and chemistry are known,' he turned to Wiley in despair and, with his hand before his mouth, said to Wiley in a hoarse stage whisper that could be heard to the farthest end of the room, 'Say, what is your name, anyhow?'"

Robert said with a laugh: "Thackeray says it takes forty years to knock a man's conceit out of him, but Wiley's must have been knocked out in forty seconds at that dinner."

Then the conversation turned upon current topics. With one accord almost the whole table wanted the opinion of the two officers present upon the Army and Navy controversies, but they both shook their heads.

"Oh," said Commander X. Y. Z., "we must bear in mind the old proverb that we learn caution by the misfortunes of others. We dare not!"

I put in a word. "Every one at this table will pledge secrecy not to mention one word of your or General C——'s remarks. Is this not so?" asked I of our guests.

A solemn nod of agreement came from the whole table, and thereupon General C—— took up the theme.

"In that case," said he, "I will let 'I dare not wait upon I would.' Every man in either branch of the service is down on this bill. The War Department ought not to judge General Miles harshly. Miles was summoned by the Senate Committee to appear before it in relation to this bill and he had no choice but to go. What he should have done, however, was to go to 'Old Mars,' the Secretary, as some of the irreverent officers call him, and state frankly that he had been summoned and ask the Secretary's advice. Of course the Secretary could only tell him to obey the summons, whereupon the General should have said: 'But if I do so and am interrogated I shall be obliged, in justice to my own judgment and conscience, to oppose the bill and in so doing give my reasons, which you might not find agreeable.' The Secretary could not have forbidden him to go nor could he have asked him to make statements not in accord with his own judgment. This would have left the General free to speak his mind and at the same time would have forestalled any criticism of what he might say; and, after all, the real fault, from an officer's point of view, lies with the Senate Committee, which either should not have summoned Miles, or should have kept Miles' statements private and confidential. But this quarrel between the Department and the Commanding General is as old as the history of the Army. I remember——"

The General began to laugh and went on:

"When General Sherman was Commander-in-Chief of the Army President Grant repeatedly sent orders over his head to the Secretary of War, and finally Sherman boiled over and picked up his traps and his family and went piking off to St. Louis to live. No sooner had he got there than the Department ordered him back, reminding him that the headquarters of the Commanding General were fixed by law at the capital of the nation. So the General came back again. When Hayes came in the General got into the habit of gathering up all the young people within reach and going to the White House to sing hymns on Sunday night, but pretty soon the President in his annual message recommended that Congress should create the rank of Captain-General and bestow it upon—*General Grant*. This was too much. The hymn singing came to an end. And we all remember that Phil Sheridan died just before the friction with the Department had grown to be too much for him when he was the Commanding General, and Schofield had the same experience and welcomed his retirement. Why, it is a story as old as our Government."

"I know of one time," put in Senator P——, "when the Commanding General got the whip hand of the Secretary of War, and that was when Andrew Johnson, in August of 1867, 'got mad' at Stanton and suspended him, and ordered General Grant, the Commanding General, to assume the duties of War Secretary. We have had only one or two military War Secretaries and they were in the notable days when George Washington was President. But in the case of the suspension of Stanton it made no end of a row. When Congress assembled the Senate informed Mr. Johnson that he had no power to suspend, and so in January Mr. Stanton was restored. And I will venture to say that the only Commanding General of modern times who has ever wept upon retiring from his command was old General Scott. When he handed over his sword with much ceremony at Cabinet meeting there was not a dry eye in the room."

"Well," said Commander X. Y. Z., taking up the conversation caustically, "we can never have, as to discipline, an effective Navy or Army in a Republic. The civilian heads of the military and naval departments know absolutely nothing of the service when they come into office and know, if anything, less when they go out, even assuming that they have the good fortune to serve out their terms. Admiral Long thinks he knows all about the Navy, and General Root thinks he knows all about the Army. Whereas Admiral-General Roosevelt thinks he knows more than both of the two distinguished officials put together, and there you are!"

"Which of the Navy Secretaries was it," asked Mrs. Blank, "who upon his first visit to a man-of-war exclaimed in evident genuine surprise, 'Why, the blamed thing is hollow'?"

"Oh," returned the Commander, "that has been told on a number of Secretaries of the Navy, notably upon Robeson. But a really true story is that of Thompson, who was Secretary of the Navy in Hayes' Administration. On the occasion of his first visit to a warship he happened to hear eight bells struck.

"'What are they doing?' he asked.

"'They are striking eight bells, sir,' was the reply.

"'What bad administration that is, to have eight bells,' he said. 'I will make it my business to see to it that hereafter each man-of-war is fitted out with one bell that can be struck eight times.'"

"You must have many funny experiences aboard ship," said Mrs. Blank.

"We do," said the Commander. "The other day when Prince Henry was here and we were scraping and kowtowing around him, I could not help remembering an old boatswain on our ship once. We were in the Mediterranean and our Commander gave him leave to go to Rome to see the place. When he got back he was full of his delights and some of us teasingly asked him if he had called on the Pope. I shall never forget his dignity as he replied:

"'No, sir, I am a citizen of a republic, and I make it a rule, sir, never to recognize crowned heads or ecclesiastics.'

"And once," continued the Commander, "I was at Kiel with Admiral Bob Evans when the Emperor of Germany was entertained on our ship, and we had the finest Smithfield ham I ever tasted. The Emperor was especially delighted with the ham, and exclaimed:

"'I should like to see the man who cooked that ham!'

"This was easy enough, and so Captain Evans sent down for George, his big negro cook. George came up to the cabin and he almost filled up the place. He was in no way abashed by the Emperor, but stepped forward and with a broad grin on his shiny face said:

"'I'm the man who cooked the ham, boss.'

"And with that he put out a big black paw to shake the hand of the War God. Everybody in that cabin was knocked silly. After a moment of hesitancy the Emperor put out his hand.

"When the Prince was here," went on the Commander, "he remarked on the fact that our warships carry no pianos, and we told him that our Jackies would not permit it even if our Government did, for they would split them up. The Prince said that their Navy did not carry them either, but that the Austrian ships almost invariably were fitted out with them, for even the Austrian Jack Tars can strum on a piano and cannot be content without an instrument aboard."

There was a pause in the conversation just here. The thought of the company seemed to go back to the earlier discussion of the Commanding General's difficulties with the Administration.

"Have you seen this campaign button for 1904?" asked Robert.

And he pulled out of his vest pocket a remarkable-looking button that occasioned an exclamation from everybody, and brought about an exchange of glances as its import was grasped. It was of goodly size and was marked 1904. On its face it bore a signpost pointing to the White House, seen in the distance. On that signpost was this inscription:

"IV Miles."

Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son

From John Graham, at the Union Stock Yards, in Chicago, to his son, Pierrepont, Care of The Hoosier Grocery Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

CHICAGO, May 10, 189–.

Dear Pierrepont: That order for a carload of Spotless Snow Leaf from old Shorter is the kind of back talk I like. We can stand a little more of the same sort of sassing. I have told the cashier that you will draw thirty a week after this, and I want you to have a nice suit of clothes made and send the bill to the old man. Get something that won't keep people guessing whether you follow the horses or do buck and wing dancing for a living. Your taste in clothes seems to be lasting longer than the rest of your college education. You looked like a young widow who had raised the second crop of daisies over the deceased when you were in here last week.

Of course, clothes don't make the man, but they make all of him except his hands and face during business hours, and that is a pretty considerable area of the human animal. A dirty shirt may hide a pure heart, but it seldom covers a clean skin. If you look as if you had slept in your clothes, most men will jump to the conclusion that you have, and you will never get to know them well enough to explain that your head is so full of noble thoughts that you haven't time to bother with the dandruff on your shoulders. And if you wear blue and white striped pants and a red necktie you will find it difficult to get close enough to a deacon to be invited to say grace at his table, even if you never play for anything except coffee and beans.

Appearances are deceitful, I know, but so long as they are there is nothing like having them deceive for us instead of against us. I have seen a ten-cent shave and a five-cent shine get a thousand-dollar job, and a cigarette and a pint of champagne knock the bottom out of a million-dollar pork corner. Four or five years ago little Jim Jackson had the bears in the provision pit hibernating and living on their own fat till one morning, the day after he had run the price of mess pork up to twenty dollars and nailed it there, some one saw him drinking a small bottle just before he went on 'Change, and told it round among the brokers on the floor. The bears thought Jim must have had bad news, to be bracing up at that time in the morning, so they perked up and everlastingly sold the mess pork market down through the bottom of the pit to solid earth. There wasn't even a grease spot left of that corner when they got through. As it happened, Jim hadn't had any bad news; he just took the drink because he felt pretty good, and things were coming his way.

But it isn't enough to be all right in this world; you've got to look all right as well, because two-thirds of success is making people think you are all right. So you have to be governed by general rules, even though you may be an exception. People have seen four and four make eight, and the young man and the small bottle make a damned fool so often that they are hard to convince that the combination can work out any other way. The Lord only allows so much fun for every man that He makes. Some get it going fishing most of the time and making money the rest; some get it making money most of the time and going fishing the rest. You can take your choice, but the two lines of business don't gee. The more money the less fish. The farther you go the straighter you've got to walk.

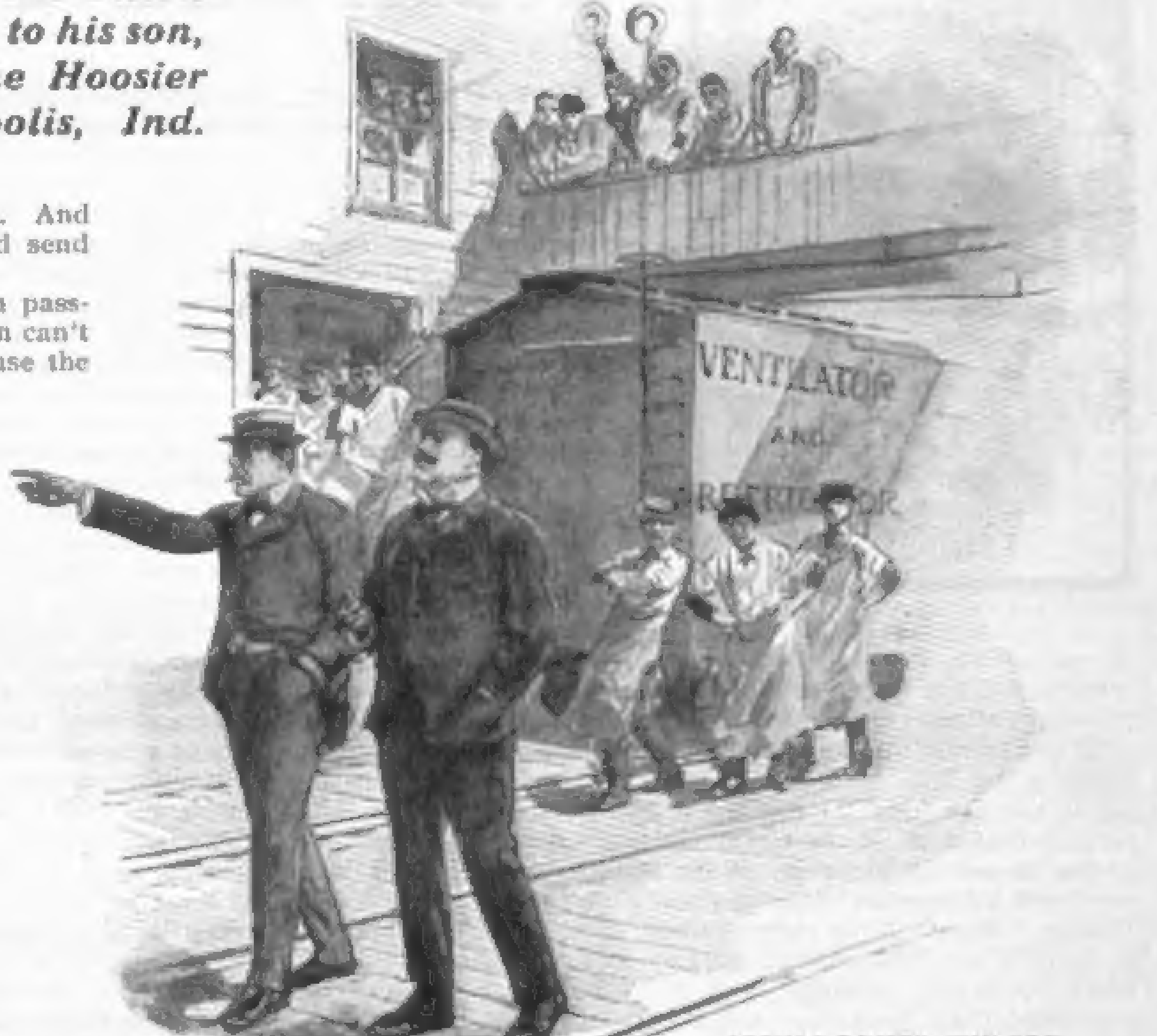
I used to get a heap of solid comfort out of chewing tobacco. Picked up the habit in Missouri, and took to it like a Yankee to pie. At that time pretty much every one in those parts chewed, except the Elder and the women, and most of them snuffed. Seemed a nice, sociable habit, and I never thought anything special about it till I came North and your Ma began to tell me it was a vile relic of barbarism, meaning Missouri, I suppose. Then I confined operations to my office and took to fine cut instead of plug, as being tonier.

Well, one day, about ten years ago, when I was walking through the office I noticed one of the boys on the mailing-desk, a mighty likely-looking youngster, sort of working his jaws as he wrote. I didn't stop to think, but somehow I was mad in a minute. Still, I didn't say a word—just stood and looked at him while he speeded up the way the boys will when they think the old man is nosing around to see whose salary he can raise next.

I stood over him for a matter of five minutes, and all the time he was pretending not to see me at all. I will say that he was a pretty game boy, for he never weakened for a second. But at last, seeing he was about to choke to death, I said, sharp and sudden—"Spit."

Well, sir, I thought it was a cloudburst. You can bet I was pretty hot, and I started in to curl up that young fellow to a crisp. But before I got out a word something hit me all of a sudden, and I just went up to the boy and put my hand on his shoulder and said, "Let's swear off, son."

Naturally, he swore off—he was so blamed scared that he would have quit breathing if I had asked him to, I reckon. And I had to take my stock of fine cut and send it to the heathen.



JOHN LOOKED HIS JOB

I simply mention this little incident in passing as an example of the fact that a man can't do what he pleases in this world, because the higher he climbs the plainer people can see him. Naturally, as the old man's son, you have a lot of fellows watching you and betting that you are no good. If you succeed they will say it was an accident; and if you fail they will say it was a cinch.

There are two unpardonable sins in this world—success and failure. Those who succeed can't forgive a fellow for being a failure, and those who fail can't forgive him for being a success. If you do succeed, though, you will be too busy to bother very much about what the failures think.

I dwell a little on this matter of appearances because so few men are really thinking animals. Where one fellow reads a stranger's character in his face a hundred read it in his get-up. We have shown a dozen breeds of dukes and droves of college presidents and doctors of divinity through the packing-house, and the workmen never noticed them except to throw livers at them when they got in their way. But when John L. Sullivan went through the stock yards it just simply shut down the plant. The men quit the benches with a yell and lined up to cheer him. You see, John looked his job, and you didn't have to explain to the men that he was the real thing in prize-fighters. Of course, when a fellow gets to the point where he is something in particular he doesn't have to care because he doesn't look like anything special; but while a young fellow isn't anything in particular it is a mighty valuable asset if he looks like something special.

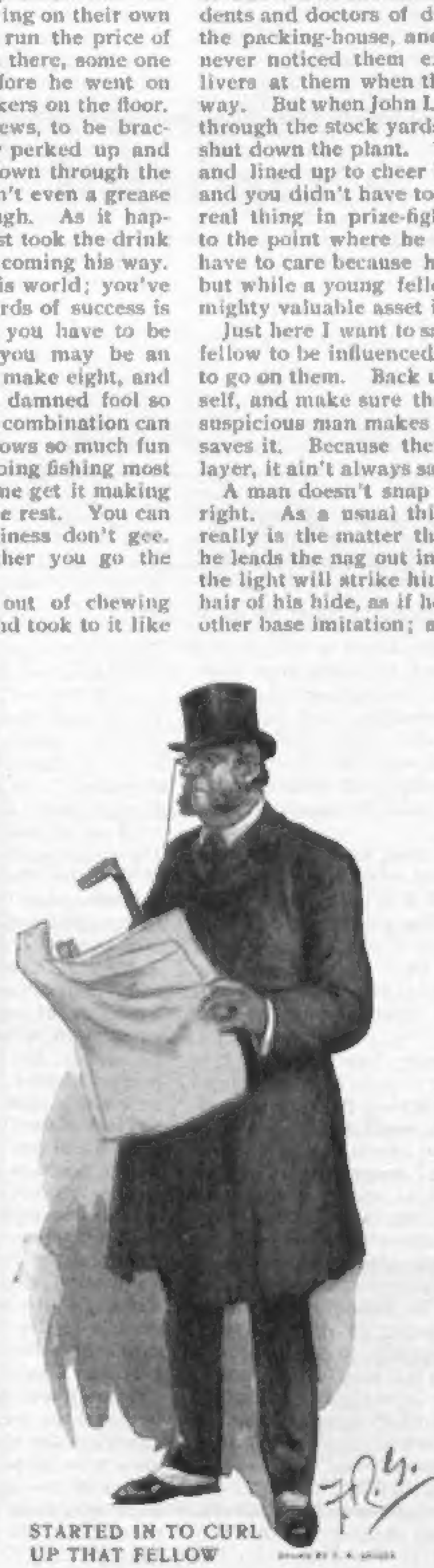
Just here I want to say that while it's all right for the other fellow to be influenced by appearances, it's all wrong for you to go on them. Back up good looks by good character yourself, and make sure that the other fellow does the same. A suspicious man makes trouble for himself, but a cautious one saves it. Because there ain't any rotten apples in the top layer, it ain't always safe to bet that the whole barrel is sound.

A man doesn't snap up a horse just because he looks all right. As a usual thing that only makes him wonder what really is the matter that the other fellow wants to sell. So he leads the nag out into the middle of a ten-acre lot, where the light will strike him good and strong, and examines every hair of his hide, as if he expected to find it near-seal, or some other base imitation; and he squints under each hoof for the grand hailing sign of distress; and he peeks down his throat for dark secrets. If the horse passes this degree the buyer drives him twenty or thirty miles, expecting him to turn out a roarer, or to find that he balks, or shies, or goes lame, or develops some other horse nonsense. If after all that there are no bad symptoms, he offers fifty less than the price asked, on general principles, and for fear he has missed something.

Take men and horses, by and large, and they run pretty much the same. There's nothing like trying a man in harness a while before you bind yourself to travel very far with him.

I remember giving a nice-looking, clean-shaven fellow a job on the billing-desk, just on his looks, but he turned out such a poor hand at figures that I had to fire him at the end of a week. It seemed that the morning he struck me for the place he had pawned his razor for fifteen cents in order to get a shave. Naturally, if I had known that in the first place I wouldn't have hired him as a human arithmetic.

Another time I had a collector that I set a heap of store by. Always handled himself just right when he talked to you and kept himself looking right up to the mark. His salary wasn't very big, but he had such a persuasive way that he seemed to get a dollar and a half's worth of value out of every dollar he earned. Never crowded the fashions and never gave 'em any slack. If sashes were the thing with summer shirts, why Charlie had a sash, you bet, and when tight trousers were the nobby trick in pants, Charlie wore his double reefed. Take him fore and aft, Charlie looked all right and talked all right—always careful, always considerate, always polite.



STARTED IN TO CURL UP THAT FELLOW

One noon, after he had been with me for a year or two, I met him coming in from his route looking glum; so I handed him fifty dollars as a little sweetener. I never saw fifty cheer a man up like that one did Charlie, and he thanked me just right—didn't stutter and didn't slop over. I ear-marked Charlie for a raise and a better job right there. Just after that I got mixed up with some work in my private office and I didn't look around again till on toward closing time. Then, just outside my door, I met the office manager, and he looked mighty glum, too.

"I was just going to knock on your door," said he.

"Well?" I asked.

"Charlie Chasenberry is eight hundred dollars short in his collections."

"Um—m," I said, without blinking, but I had a gone feeling just the same.

"I had a plain-clothes man here to arrest him this evening, but he didn't come in."

"Looks as if he'd skipped, eh?" I asked.

"I'm afraid so, but I don't know how. He didn't have a dollar this morning, because he tried to overdraw his salary account and I wouldn't let him, and he didn't collect any bills to-day because he had already collected everything that was due this week and lost it bucking the tiger."

I didn't say anything, but I suspected that there was a sucker somewhere in the office. The next day I was sure of it, for I got a telegram from the always polite and thoughtful Charlie, dated at Montreal:

> Many, many thanks, dear Mr. Graham, for your timely assistance.

Careful as usual, you see, about the little things, for there were just ten words in the message. But that "Many, many thanks, dear Mr. Graham" was the closest to slopping over I had ever known him to come.

I consider the little lesson that Charlie gave me cheap at eight hundred and fifty dollars, and I pass it along to you because it may save you a thousand or two on your experience account.

Your affectionate father,

JOHN GRAHAM.

Editor's Note—This is the twelfth of the Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son.

* * *

Heat in the Philippines

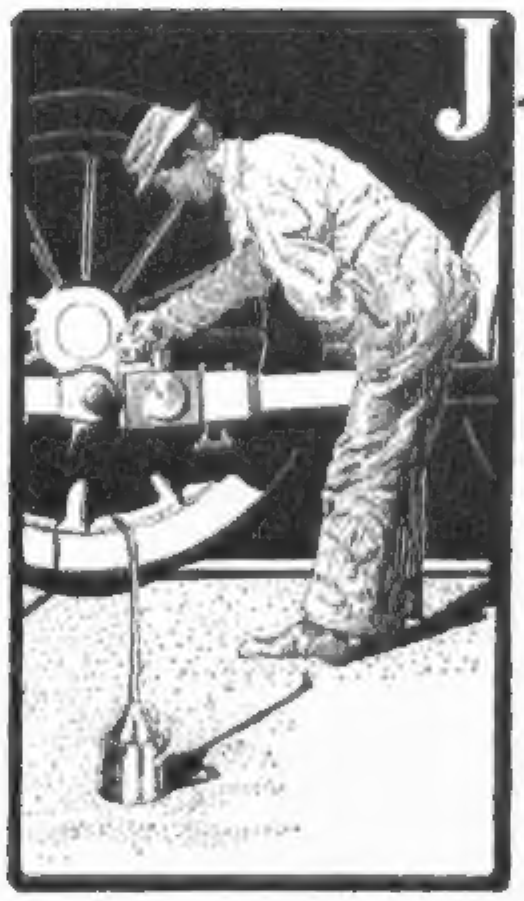
TO IMPROVE the condition of one of the camps General MacArthur had some ground plowed and a tropical garden started. Among the men set to work in this humane undertaking was a soldier of Irish extraction, temporarily under punishment for consuming undue quantities of vino.

Husbandry was an unaccustomed pursuit to this soldier, and his efforts to guide the mules and hold the plow in the furrow resulted in zigzag and serpentine rows.

General MacArthur went out to inspect the work.

"See here," said he to the soldier, "what do you mean by that kind of business?" pointing to the crazy furrows.

"I plowed 'em straight, your honor," the soldier replied, "but the sun must have warped 'em."



JAMES J. HILL and His School for Railroad Presidents—By Paul Latzke

BEFORE a man holds a responsible position with the Great Northern he must, no matter how closely he is related to President Hill, show positive evidence of his capacity.

The Hill sons themselves had to do this, and, from all accounts, they found their father no easy taskmaster, though it is of record that they needed little prodding. The railroad instinct seemed born in them. They began as humble clerks and worked steadily through various grades, until now Lewis W. Hill is President of the Eastern Railway of Minnesota, one of the important roads in the Hill system. In addition he is also first assistant to the President of the Great Northern. James N. Hill is Vice-President of the Great Northern and also a member of the Board of Directors of the road. James J. Hill is a thorough believer in education and gave both his boys a full college career. After they graduated, however, he started them in at the bottom and worked them as hard as if they were strangers; perhaps even a little harder. Before he advanced them he made them demonstrate that they could, with profit to the road, hold the job that lay just ahead of the one they happened to be filling.

On one occasion, when "Young Jim" felt about ripe for holding down a place in which he could exercise more authority, he was sent out over the western division of the road to see what he could suggest in the way of a more economical handling of coal, a most important item. He came back with a scheme substituting automatic chutes and a steam engine for the old-fashioned way. The scheme was adopted after careful examination, with the result that one man now does the work of ten, reducing the cost of handling the coal from fifteen cents a ton to something like three or four. This saving applied to hundreds of thousands of tons cuts a big figure. As a reward James N. was shoved up a peg, and since then the same genius for curtailing the expenses of operation has manifested itself at frequent intervals.

Since he has been compelled to spend such considerable periods in New York, looking after the big financial transactions of the past year in which he has taken a leading part, Mr. Hill has unloaded much detail work on his sons. But, notwithstanding this, it is well known that he is in as close touch as ever with the operation of the Great Northern, and knows, as he always has, just what is going on in all of its departments. An anecdote illustrating how thorough this knowledge has always been is related by Mr. H. G. Prout, editor of the Railroad Gazette. Mr. Prout was traveling on the Great Northern in company with one of the officials of the road when a question came up concerning a certain stretch of side-track that they expected to reach a little farther along the road.

"I'll tell you about that," said the official as he pulled out of his pocket a large, leather-bound memorandum book that opened from the end.

"What's that?" asked Mr. Prout.

"That's my road memory," the official explained, opening the book, which showed a straight red line drawn right down the centre of the pages, with smaller lines running out at acute angles here and there, and with dots and squares, all drawn in red ink and lettered.

The Brain-Work of a Railroad Wonder

"That book," the man went on, "shows every mile of line, every foot of side-track, every station, every roundhouse, every shop, every water tank, and everything else connected with the physical part of the road. I made that up myself in self-defense in order to be on some sort of an even footing with the President. He has got such a remarkable mental make-up that he knows every spike in the Great Northern system from St. Paul to Seattle. Not alone that, but he knows exactly when the spikes were driven, how they were driven, and how long they are going to last. In talking business he takes it for granted that everybody else connected with the road knows the same thing, and I got tired of confessing that I didn't. So now, when he gives me some instructions about a siding at Great Falls or a tool chest at Duluth, I pull out my book and maintain an intelligent conversation."

The statement that Mr. Hill knows every spike in the road was no mere figure of speech. It is almost literally the truth. The Great Northern system comprises 4996 miles of road. Most of this was built under the President's direct supervision; but, whether he built it himself or whether it is a leased line, its physical condition, from the smallest to the largest item, is so clearly pictured in his mind that he can lay hold of any detail or flaw in an instant. The average man who lives in a hall bedroom does not know as much about the furniture and other things that may be in the place as the President knows of the four thousand and odd miles of Great Northern Railroad, its rolling stock, its stations, and every other item that goes to make up the equipment of the property. This seems incredible, but any railroad man in the country who knows Mr. Hill, or who knows the Great Northern, will tell you that it is true.

It is this genius for detail, and a memory that is one of the most remarkable in the world, that have had to do principally with Mr. Hill's success; this, and his indefatigable capacity for work. He knows neither holiday nor Sunday. He may not be down at his desk, whether in New York or in St. Paul, on holidays or Sundays or in the evenings, but his brain is at work just the same. Generally his evenings and holidays are spent in conference with his associates, or with men in the financial world who are aiding him in some of the projects that he is always planning and putting through.

It is not that he never takes any leisure. As I have said, he is devoted to art, and spends much time in gratifying his taste in this direction. He loves a good cigar, and passes many a pleasant evening with congenial friends. At times he goes away for three or four weeks, or even two months; but some section of his mind, whether he is talking art or literature or swapping fishing yarns, is always concentrated on his railroad properties. And sooner or later the conversation almost inevitably takes a railroad turn. It was this fact, no doubt, that caused the man I have already spoken of to say that the man knows nothing but railroads and railroading. As a matter of fact, it will be found that the reason why conversation in his presence almost inevitably drifts to railroading, no matter what else may be on the table, is that the persons to whom he is talking bring it there. Everybody who meets him knows that he is a railroad wonder, and naturally there is an inclination to draw him out on this subject. Nor does he resist these attempts at any time. From a close observation of him, I am convinced that it is not at all necessary for him to talk railroading for his own gratification or profit. When he does talk it, it is for the gratification or profit of the other man. He may be talking about pictures or precious stones or the latest novel, and may keep up a steady conversation along these lines, without interrupting in the least the trend of his mind along the line that controls his life. Subconsciously, some portion of his mental processes is engaged on railroading and transportation problems, and he is working out a new plan or the extension of an old. It is this rare gift that makes possible his marvelous achievements. Otherwise, it would be impossible to crowd into a year the work he does.

A Marvelous Example of One-Man Power

Mr. Hill's capacity for detail has worked a rather curious situation on the Great Northern. While his aides hold the power that would be theirs under any other President, everybody on the Great Northern system knows that, after all, there is only one "boss." The trackwalker knows it as well as the General Traffic Manager, and that at any moment the boss is apt to step in and discharge the functions of either. In the whole world there is not such another example of one-man power and domination on such a scale. That it is profitable domination for the stockholders is shown by the fact that the Great Northern has never passed or reduced its dividends. Almost from the moment that the first train started over the road under Mr. Hill's management the property began to pay returns to its shareholders, and the trend has been steadily upward. Even in the panic year of 1893, when every other railroad in America, with the exception of the Lake Shore, reduced or passed its dividend or went into a receiver's hands, the Great Northern paid its usual disbursement to shareholders.

Of course, such a quality in any man, exercised for the benefit of those associated with him in ownership as well as himself, is enormously valuable. But it is exceedingly difficult for the railroad man trained in the average method to realize this. They say that after all it is the system, rather than the individual, that should be built up, and that any property that depends upon the individuality of one man will get into trouble when, in the natural course of events, that man is called away.

As a general principle this may apply, but I doubt if it is true with the Great Northern. The critics do not understand that the President's individuality is so strong that it is in reality a system; that he has impressed himself and his ways on the road and its management to such an extent that, if he were to die to-morrow, things would proceed as steadily as though he were at the helm. It is a paradoxical sort of a situation, but any one who cares to go into the subject carefully can prove for himself what I have said. I believe that Mr. Hill has given such a momentum to the huge enterprise which he dominates that it would revolve of its own accord just as he wants it to revolve for fifty years after he had let go the lever.

It is often said among railroad men that Mr. Hill is tyrannical and dictatorial, and that it is impossible to get along with him. The men who know him best do not say this, but many outsiders and a few of those who were formerly in his employ talk along this line. I was talking to President Newman one day, in his office at the New York Central, and asked him the question pointblank. His answer was:

"Any man who can't get along with Mr. Hill can't get along with any one—that is, any man who knows his business, who attends to it, and who doesn't want to dodge his duties." Mr. F. D. Underwood, the President of the Erie, who has never worked directly under Mr. Hill, but who probably knows him as well as does any railroad man in the country, having been for a long time practically at his elbow in the Northwest, made it even stronger when I spoke to him.

"Mr. Hill knows so much more about the railroad business than anybody else does," he said, "that he gives the average person who has been engaged in railroading for some time, under other teaching, the impression that he is domineering. The Hill method of doing things prevails everywhere on the system. The old-line method has no existence; Mr. Hill will not tolerate it. The man who is open-minded and intelligent soon comes to understand this, and to realize that Mr. Hill is not domineering; that he simply insists upon all those under his control abiding by his system, knowing it to be the best."

There is a deal of railroad history in this statement. Mr. Hill did not become a railroad man until after he was forty years old. Up to that time, 1878, he had been engaged in river transportation and coal shipping. He began his working life as a freight clerk, checking merchandise on the docks of St. Paul. With the same thoroughness that he afterward brought to bear on the railroad problem he went into the matter of water transportation, with the result that he built up a fortune, though a very inconsiderable one viewed in the light of his present possessions. He forsook the water for the land as soon as his means would permit and the occasion was ripe, because he had long realized that the great future in the transportation business was in railroading, not steamboating.

How Mr. Hill Created Business

Mr. Hill built for the future as well as for the present. The result is that his road now has the lowest and most economical grades of any railroad that reaches across the continent, and that he can haul freight and passengers for less money than any of his rivals, and make a greater profit. It is because of this that his road has never been in financial trouble, though it was built without a dollar of Government aid, while all the other transcontinental roads were subsidized with millions of dollars and with lands valued at hundreds of millions.

But, after all, this was only one of the items in his success. The main item was his power of detail. Instead of running things on a wide-open corporation system, he ran them as carefully and closely as though he had only a few hundreds in the world. He made every dollar count and gave to every item his personal attention. He pushed development steadily and built up trade as he went. Bleak Dakota prairies he peopled with thrifty farmers after having demonstrated to them the value of the land for the cultivation of wheat.

He opened up rich woodlands, brought transportation facilities to mining fields that had been halted for lack of them, built towns out of small hamlets, and dotted the Northwest with prosperous villages. America's position as the granary of the world is due in no small measure to him. The great stretches of land in the Dakotas and in Minnesota that now produce over eighty million bushels of wheat each year were largely trackless wastes when he began his work of bringing in settlers.

Where he found himself running into land unfit for wheat cultivation he set about making it available for cattle. When it was pointed out to him that no American cattle could stand the severity of the Northwestern winter, he imported a herd of 800 bulls—500 shorthorns and 300 Scotch polls—and distributed them among the farmers all along the road, so that they might, without cost to themselves, breed cattle that *could* withstand the climate. Similarly he brought in and distributed 10,000 pigs, to the great joy and profit of the Northwestern husbandman, and the lasting benefit of the railroad which now does a thriving business in pork shipments. He encouraged the building of grain elevators, the erection of factories, the laying out of parks, the construction of hotels.

I remember that the first story I ever heard of Mr. Hill was in connection with a little land deal that the ordinary millionaire and the ordinary railroad president would have scorned. A New York newspaper man had an opportunity to acquire some abandoned lumber lands on an option. He conceived a scheme of settling the land, which is admirably fitted for cultivation, with Finns and other hardy Europeans. He had no money, but he managed to reach Mr. Hill and lay the project before him. That gentleman saw immediately that here was a chance to settle a little community contiguous to the line of the Great Northern, and he at once gave the scheme his aid and countenance. He helped to organize the company, took a position on the board of directors, and worked as hard as any immigration agent.

It is through acts like these, through maintaining close, homely, personal business relations with the people along his line, that the President of the Great Northern has established a situation that is unique in American railroad history. From Duluth on the Great Lakes, where the road starts, to Seattle on the Pacific, where it ends, over a territory of thousands of miles, the guiding spirit of the big property is a familiar figure to the dwellers in town and country. The farmers know him by sight and hail him by name. To them he is not the great railroad magnate who gave the Wall Street gamblers the shock of the year, but simply James J. Hill, the man who owns the railroad, who gave them the fine bull, father of the big herd that is now feeding on the range; the man who furnished the wheat seed with which they started the farm. He is to them very real, very close and very personal. That he is a railroad president is incidental.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two papers on Mr. Hill and his railroad school. The first appeared in The Post of April 5.

How I Thought of Wireless Telegraphy

By GUGLIELMO MARCONI

THE idea of transmitting messages through space by means of etheric waves, otherwise wireless telegraphy came to me in the spring of 1894, while reading an account in an Italian electrical journal of the work of Professor Hertz, who had died in January of that year. I had followed Hertz's experiments for several years previous to that, but they had never before awakened in me more than a passing interest. For detecting the waves radiated from his transmitting oscillator Hertz had used a metal hoop having a small gap at one side. Upon bringing this hoop within the influence of the electrical disturbance set up by his oscillator, he discovered that minute sparks passed across the gap. In other words, he showed that electric waves, when radiated into space, could be detected at a distance by means of the metal hoop. It occurred to me that if I could interrupt the wave transmission from the oscillator, breaking it up into long and short periods, similar interruptions would be detected in the spark gap of the metal hoop. Here, in short, was the possibility of signaling across space by means of the Hertzian waves. A short emission of the transmitted waves would signify the dot of the Morse alphabet, a long emission the dash, and thus words might be spelled out in the distant receiver

The idea seemed so simple and evident to me that at first I had no thought of attempting practical experiments looking to its demonstration, because I knew there were many clever men in the world experimenting with etheric waves and I thought some one would quickly work out the problem. After waiting almost a year without seeing any account of attempted applications of the discoveries of Hertz to the transmission of signals, I began my first experiments in December, 1894, and obtained results which surprised me, and which I at once realized were new.

I may say that for several years previous to the beginning of this work I had been deeply interested in electricity, though purely as an amateur I had fitted up a rude laboratory or workshop in my father's house near Boulogne, where I had begun to work with primary batteries and thermopiles, grappling with the problem which has puzzled so many inventors —a method of transforming heat directly into electricity. I had also experimented with the utilization of steam in engines, and had likewise been deeply interested in chemistry

I have seen it stated that Professor Righi, of the University of Boulogne, first suggested to me the idea of communicating messages through space This, however, is not the truth. I never even attended any of Professor Righi's lectures—I wish now I had—though I did have discussions with him, as beginner with master, on the subjects of chemistry and mechanism He had repeated very successfully the experiments of Herts, detecting transmitted waves a short distance—across a room—but he evidently had not thought of using the waves for the communication of intelligence, for when I first mentioned the idea to him he said he thought it would not be practicable. I think I am right in saying that previous to my experiments no one had attempted the practical use of the Hertzian waves for telegraphy.

I do not think it occurred to other experimenters that these rays could be so utilized, although Professor Oliver Lodge, who had long been experimenting along the lines suggested by Hertz, gave, in a book which he published in 1894, a number of suggestions as to the uses to which these rays might be put, but without mentioning their application to telegraphy. He suggested that if one should put iron filings in his eye he might see the Hertzian waves; but he did not suggest that these rays could be used for signaling

The Electrician of September 17, 1897, said that Doctor Lodge's apparatus for thus utilizing the Hertzian waves was shown in Oxford in 1894 but I fear that this statement is not quite correct. Either public interest was very low at that time, or the exhibition was very little noticed, because no written report of such an exhibition was made, and I have the word of Professor Fleming, of University College, London, who was present at the meeting in question, that to his knowledge no suggestion was made to the effect that the Hertzian waves could be used for the purpose of signaling long distances.

Indeed, when I began to utilize Hertzian waves for telegraphy I did not know that any one else had ever thought of such a thing. I learned later, however, that many experimenters had been close to the idea and had even suggested it. A writer in the Electrician of April 10, 1891, said

> If we could reduce the frequency about 2000 times, and produce vibrations of about 200,000 millions per second, we should get waves of about one millimeter long These radiations would probably pierce not only a fog but a brick wall. *When* we get such vibrations there will be many interesting uses for them. One, at all events, would be the possibility of communicating between lightships and the shore

But perhaps the most remarkable suggestion and prophecy was made by Sir William Crookes in 1892. His expressions on the subject are so interesting and they give so clear a statement of the problems to be met in the utilization of etheric waves, that I venture to quote them (from the Fortnightly Review for February, 1892)

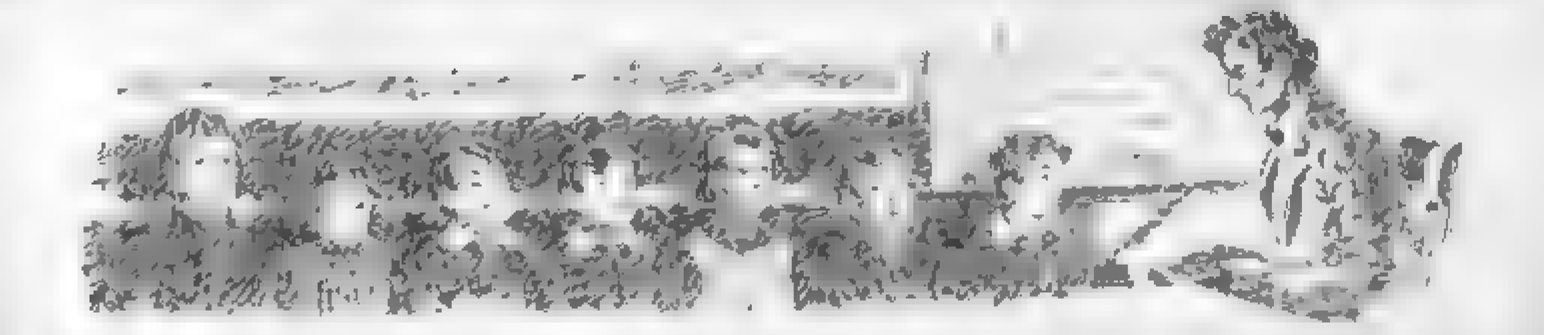
> Whether vibrations of ether, longer than those which affect us as light, may not be constantly at work around us, we have, until lately, never seriously inquired. But the researches of Hertz give us an almost infinite range of ethereal vibrations or electrical rays, *from wave-lengths of thousands of miles down to a few feet.* Here is unfolded to us a new and astonishing world—one which it is hard to conceive should contain no possibilities of transmitting and receiving intelligence.
>
> Rays of light will not pierce through a wall, nor, as we know only too well, through London fog. But the electrical vibrations of a yard or more in wave-length of which I have spoken will easily pierce such mediums, which to them will be transparent. Here, then, is revealed the bewildering possibility of telegraphy without wires, posts, cables, or any of our present costly appliances. Granted a few reasonable postulates, the whole thing comes well within the realms of possible fulfilment. At the present time experimentalists are able to generate electrical waves of any desired wave-length from a few feet upward, and to keep up a succession of such waves radiating into space in all directions. It is possible, too, with some of these rays, if not with all, to refract them through suitably shaped bodies acting as lenses, and so direct a sheaf of rays in any given direction; enormous lens-shaped masses of pitch and similar bodies have been used for this purpose. . . . What, therefore, remains to be discovered is—*firstly, simpler and more certain means of generating electrical rays of any desired wave-length,* from the shortest, say of a few feet in length, which will *easily pass through buildings and fogs,* to those long waves whose lengths are measured by tens, hundreds and thousands of miles; *secondly, more delicate receivers* which will respond to wave-lengths between certain defined limits and be silent to all others; thirdly, means of darting the sheaf of rays in any desired direction. . . .
>
> Any two friends living within the radius of sensibility of their receiving instruments, having first decided on their special wave-length and attuned their respective instruments to mutual receptivity, could thus communicate as long and as often as they pleased by timing the impulses to produce long and short intervals on the ordinary Morse code. At first sight an objection to this plan would be its want of secrecy. Assuming that the correspondents were a mile apart, the transmitter would send out the waves in all directions, filling a sphere a mile in radius, and it would therefore be possible for any one living within a mile of the sender to receive the communication. This could be got over in two ways. If the exact position of both sending and receiving instruments were accurately known, the rays would be concentrated with more or less exactness on the receiver If, however, the sender and receiver were moving about so that the lens device could not be adopted, the correspondents must attune their instruments to a definite wave-length, say, for example, fifty yards. I assume here that the progress of discovery would give instruments capable of adjustment by turning a screw or altering the length of a wire, so as to become receptive of wave-lengths of any preconcerted length. Thus, when adjusted to fifty yards, the transmitter might emit, and the receiver respond to, rays varying between forty five and fifty-five yards, and be silent to all others. Considering that there would be the whole range of waves to choose from, varying from a few feet to several thousand miles, there would be sufficient secrecy

The Hertzian wave was experimented with and its identity with light waves was often demonstrated, but no one used it for telegraphic purposes before I began my experiments. I believe I am right also in saying that I sent the first recorded message through space by electromagnetic waves in 1894, and was the first to telegraph from a ship in motion (Italian Navy, 1897).

It is not my purpose to enter into controversy over questions of originality of ideas or instruments. I have made use of known ideas, my instruments are improvements of my predecessors', with the introduction of a few developments which from my observation seemed necessary. It is only fair to say that the introduction of these new elements was the basis of my long distance success

It is the business of science to acquire results with the least possible outlay of work and time, and results are regarded as the standards by which a man's work is judged.

Johnny's Hist'ry Lesson

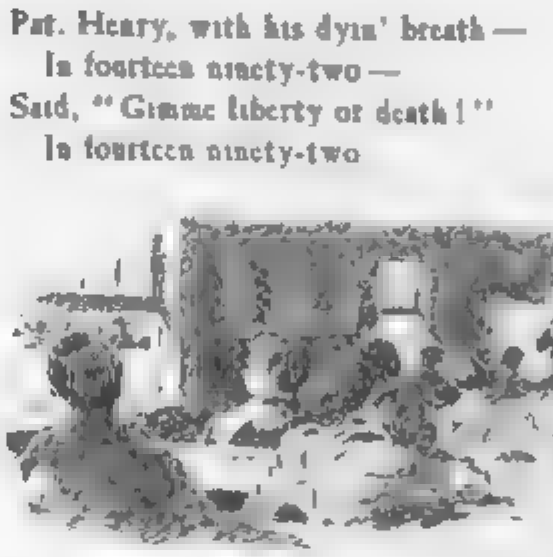


By NIXON WATERMAN

I THINK, of all the things at school
  A boy has got to do,
That studyin' hist'ry, as a rule,
  Is worst of all, don't you?
Of dates there are an awful sight,
An' though I study day an' night,
There's only one I've got just right—
  That's fourteen ninety-two.

Columbus crossed the Delaware
  In fourteen ninety-two,
We whipped the British, fair an' square,
  In fourteen ninety-two.
At Concord an' at Lexington
We kept the red-coats on the run
While the band played Johnny Get Your Gun,
  In fourteen ninety-two.

Pat. Henry, with his dyin' breath—
  In fourteen ninety-two—
Said, "Gimme liberty or death!"
  In fourteen ninety-two



An' Barbara Frietchie, so 'tis said,
Cried, "Shoot if you must this old, gray head,
But I'd rather 'twould be your own instead!"
  In fourteen ninety-two.

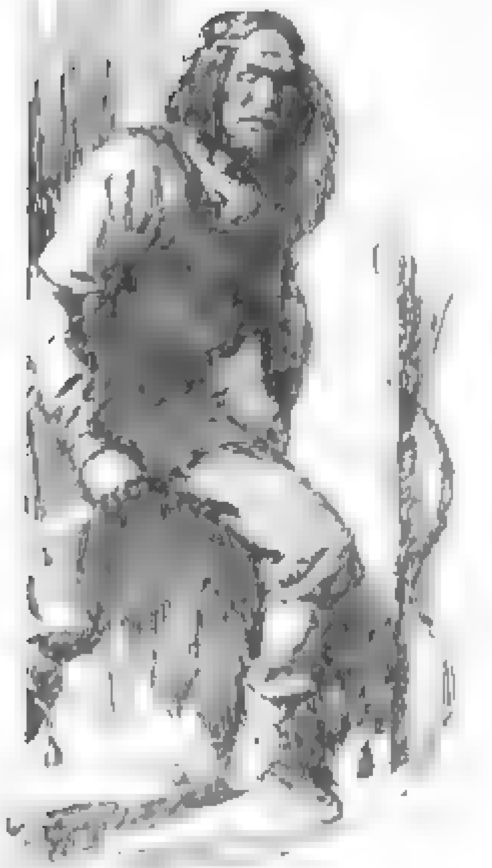
The Pilgrims came to Plymouth Rock
  In fourteen ninety-two,
An' the Indians standin' on the dock
  Asked, "What are you goin' to do?"
An' they said, "We seek your harbor drear
That our children's children's children dear
May boast that their forefathers landed here
  In fourteen ninety-two."

Miss Pocahontas saved the life,
  In fourteen ninety-two,
Of John Smith, an' became his wife
  In fourteen ninety-two.
An' the Smith tribe started then an' there,
An' now there are John Smiths everywhere,
But they didn't have any Smiths to spare
  In fourteen ninety-two.

Kentucky was settled by Daniel Boone
  In fourteen ninety-two,
An' I think the cow jumped over the moon
  In fourteen ninety-two.
Ben. Franklin flew his kite so high
He drew the lightnin' from the sky,
An' Washington couldn't tell a lie
  In fourteen ninety-two.

CONJUROR'S HOUSE—A Romance of the Free Forest—By Stewart Edward White

Author of The Blazed Trail, Etc.



"W'EN DOSE INJIN IS STAN' HEEM IN DE MOON"

SYNOPSIS OF THE PRECEDING INSTALLMENT—At one of the lonely Posts of the Hudson's Bay Company lives Virginia Albret, with her father, stern Galen Albret, who is the Factor in command of the Post. Out of the wilderness come a party of trappers, bringing with them a young man, Ned Trent, a Free Trader, who has been hunting in the territory of the Company. He expects as a punishment to be sent forth into the wilderness, unarmed, to starve to death. Virginia has been deeply impressed by his appearance

CHAPTER IV

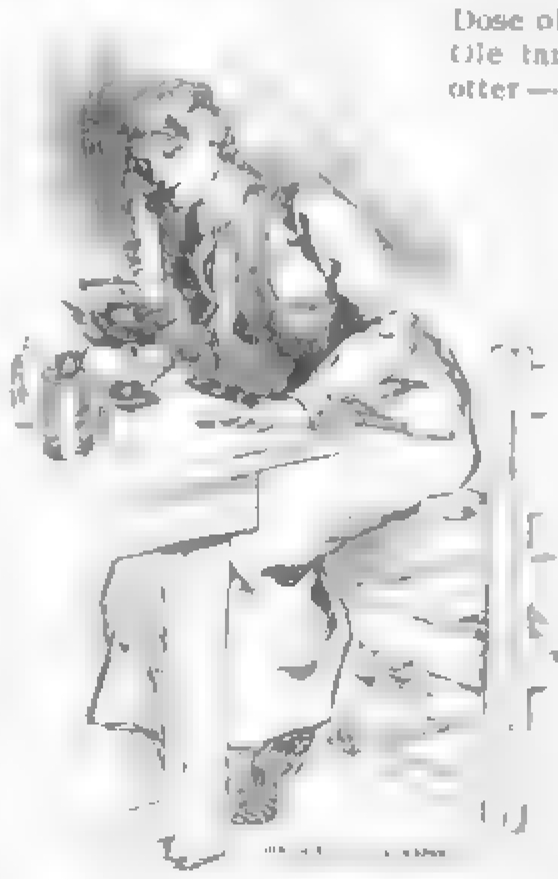
IN THE open air the men scattered in quest of their various families or friends. The stranger stood for a moment on the top step of the veranda, and then wandered down the little street, if street it could be called where horses there were none. On the left ranged the square whitewashed houses with their dooryards, the old church, the workshop. To the right was a broad grass-plot, and then the Moose, slipping by to the distant offing. Over a little bridge the stranger idled, looking curiously about him. The great trading house attracted his attention, with its narrow picket lane leading to its door; the storehouse surrounded by a log fence; the fort itself, consisting solely of heavy timbered stockades and square blockhouses. Everywhere he went the people looked at him, ceasing their varied occupations. But no one spoke to him, no one hindered him, to all intents and purposes he was as free as the air. Only on all sides stretched the wilderness—strong as iron bars to an unarmed man

Brooding on this fact, the Free Trader forgot his surroundings. The Post, the river, the forest, the bay faded from his sight, and he fell into deep reflection. Only there remained of physical consciousness the pleasant spring warmth from the declining sun. Then he became aware that some one addressed him. He looked up, a little startled, to see before him a handsome French half breed sprawled out in the sun against a building, and flashing up at him a deliciously friendly smile

"Hullo," said Achille Picard; "you mus' been 'sleep I call you two, t'ree tam."

The prisoner seemed to find something grateful in this spontaneously cordial greeting. Perhaps it happened upon the psychological moment for a response

"Hullo," he replied, and seated himself by the man's side, stretching himself lazily in enjoyment of the reflected heat



—HER DARK EYES PENSIVE

"You is come off Conjuror' House, eh?" said Achille. "I t'ink so. You come trade dose fur? Eet is bad beeznesse, dis place. Ole man is no lak' dat you trade dose fur. He is ver' bad, dose ole man

"Yes," replied the stranger; "this is the country of *La Longue Traverse*"

"I beleef you," responded Achille cheerfully. "W'at you call it, your nam'?"

"Ned Trent"

"Me, Achille—Achille Picard I is capitaine on dose dogs wit' dose winter brigade."

"It is a hard post. The winter travel is severe.'

"I beleef you '

"Better to take *La Longue Traverse* in summer, eh?"

"Hees not mattaire w'en you mak' heem."

"True. Have men been sent out since you came?"

"*Bâ oui*. Wan, two, t'ree. I don' 'member. I t'ink Jo Bagneau. Nobodee, he don' know, but dose ole man an' hees *coureurs*. He ees wan ver' great man. Nobodee is know w'at he will do

"I am to go on that journey," said Ned Trent

"I was t'ink so," replied Achille, still with the most engaging cheerfulness.

"Shall I be sent out at once, do you think?"

"I don' know. Sometam dose ole man ver' queeck. Sometam he ver' slow. One day Injin is mak' heem ver' mad; he is let heem go, and shoot dose Injin right off Nodder tam he is get mad on wan *voyageur*, but he don' keel heem queeck; he is bring heem here, mak' heem stay in dose warm room, feed heem dose plaintee grub. Pret' soon dose *voyageur* is get fat, is get sof'. He no good for dose trail. Den ole man is mak' heem go ver' far off, mos' on Whale Reever. Eet mak' plaintee cole. Dose *voyageur* is freeze to hees inside. I t'ink ole man is feex heem lak' dat.

"Achille, do you want me to die?"

The half breed flashed his white teeth

"*Bâ non*," he replied carelessly. "For w'at I want dat you die? I t'ink you bus' up bad; *vous avez la mauvaise fortune*."

"Listen. I have nothing with me; but out at the front I am very rich I will give you a hundred dollars if you will help me to get away."

"I can' do eet,' smiled Picard.

"Why not?"

"Ole man he fine dat out. He is wan diable, dose ole man I lak' firs'-rate help you; I lak' mak' dose t'ousand dollar On Ojibway contree dey mak' eet hees nam' Wâgosh—dat mean fox. He know everyt'ing "

"I'll make it two hundred—three hundred—five hundred "

"W'at you wan' me do?" asked Achille Picard at the last figure

"Get me a rifle and some cartridges

The half-breed rolled a cigarette, lighted it, and inhaled a deep draft

"I can' do eet," he answered, "I can' do eet for t'ousand dollar—ten t'ousand. I don' t'ink you fine any wan on dis settlement w'at can dare do eet. He is wan diable. He is count all the carabine on dis Pos', an' w'en he is meess wan, he fine out pret' queeck who is tak' heem.'

"Steal one from some one else," suggested Trent

"He fine out jess sam'," objected the half breed obstinately. "You don' know heem. He mak' you geev your seff away, w'en he lak' do dat." The smile had left his face This was evidently too serious a matter for joking

"Well, come with me, then," said Ned Trent with some impatience. "A thousand dollars I'll give you. With that you can be rich somewhere else."

But the man was becoming more and more uneasy, glancing furtively from right to left and back again, in an evident panic lest the conversation be overheard, although the nearest house was a score of yards distant.

"Shsh," he whispered. "You mussn't talk lak' dat Dose ole man fine you out. You can' hide away from heem Ole tam long ago Pierre Cadotte is stole feefteen skin of de otter—sea otter—an' he is sole dem on Winnipeg. He is get 'bout t'ousand 'beaver'—five hunder' dollar Den he is mak' dose longue voyage wes'—ver' dar wes'—*on dit* Peace Reever. He is mak heem dose cabane w'ere he is leev wit' wan man of Mackenzie. He is call it hees nam' Deeck Henderson. I is meet Deeck Henderson on Winnipeg las' year, w'en I mak' paddle on dem Factor Brigade an' dose High Commissionaire He is tole me wan night pret' late he wake up all de queeck he can w'en he hear wan noise in dose cabane, an' he is see wan Injin, lak phantome 'gainst de moon to de door. Deeck Henderson he is 'sleep; he don' know w'at he mus' do. Dose Injin is step ver' sof' an' go on bunk of Pierre Cadotte. Pierre Cadotte is mak de beeg cry. Deeck Henderson say he no see dose Injin no more, an' he fine de door close. *Bâ*, Pièrre Cadotte, he's go dead. He is mak' wan beeg hole in hees ches'."

"Some enemy, some robber frightened away because Henderson woke up, probably," suggested Ned Trent.

The half breed laid his hand impressively on the other's arm, and leaned forward until his bright black eyes were within a foot of the other's face.

"W'en dose Injin is stan' heem in de moon, Deeck Henderson is see heem hees face. Deeck Henderson is know all dose Injin. He is tole me dat Injin is not Peace Reever Injin. Deeck Henderson say dose Injin is Ojibway Injin—Ojibway Injin two t'ousand mile wes'—on Peace Reever! Dat's curi's!

"I was tell you nodder story, went on Achille after a moment

"Never mind," interrupted the Trader; "I believe you."

"Maybee," suggested Achille cheerfully, "you stan' some show—not moche—eef he sen' you out pret' queeck Dose small *perdrix* is yonge, an' dose duck. Maybee you is catch dem, maybee you is keel dem wit' bow-an'-arrow. Dat's not beeg chance. You mus' geev dose *coureurs* de sleep w'en you arrive. *Voilà*, I geev you my knife!"

He glanced rapidly to right and left, then slipped a small object into the stranger's hand.

"*Bâ*, I t'ink dose ole man is know dat I t'ink he is kip you here till tam w'en dose small *perdrix* an' duck is all grow up beeg 'nuff so he can fly."

"I'm not watched," said the young man in eager tones; "I'll slip away to-night."

"Dat no good," objected Picard. "W'at you do? You do dat, dose *coureurs* keel you *toute suite*. Dey is have good excuse, an' you is have not'ing for mak' de fight. You sleep away, dose ole man is sen' out plaintee Injin. Dey is fine you sure. *Bâ*, eef he *sen'* you out, den he sen' onlee two Injin. Maybee you keel dem. I don' know. *Non, mon ami*, eef you is wan' get away w'en dose ole man he don' know eet, you mus' have dose carabine for mak' de fight. Den you is have wan leetle chance. *Bâ*, eef you is not have heem dose carabine, you mus' need dose leetle grub he geev you, an' not plaintee Injin follow you—only two."

"And I cannot get the rifle."

"An' dose ole man don' sen' you out till eet is too late for mak' de grub in de fores'. Dat's w'at I t'ink. Dat ees not fonny for you "

Ned Trent's eyes were almost black with thought. Suddenly he threw his head up

"I believe you're quite right My best chance is not to escape, but to get him to send me out now. It isn't much of a chance. I wish to the devil I could get a rifle. But I'll make him send me out now!"

"How you mak' eet heem?" inquired Achille curiously

"I'll get him so angry that he'll lose his head, and then he'll send me right off"

"*Bâ oui*," ruminated Picard. "He is get mad pret' queeck. I t'ink p'raps dat plan he's go all right. You was get heem mad plaintee easy Den maybee he is sen' you out *toute suite*; maybee he is shoot you. '

"It's a chance."

"*Bâ oui*," shrugged Achille Picard, "eet is wan chance." He commenced to roll another cigarette.

CHAPTER V

FOR the space of a full five minutes after the traders of the winter Posts had left him Galen Albret sat buried in thought; then abruptly he thrust back his chair and entered another room

This apartment, too, was long and low and heavily raftered, but otherwise offered a striking contrast to the Council Room. Its floor was overlaid with dark rugs; a piano of ancient model filled one corner; pictures and books broke the wall; the lamps and the windows were shaded; a woman's work-basket and a tea-set occupied a large table. Only a certain barbaric profusion of furs, the huge fireplace, and the rough white rafters of the ceiling differentiated the place from the drawing-room of a well-to-do family anywhere

Galen Albret sank heavily into a chair and struck a bell. To the old Englishman who answered it he said.

"I wish the presence of Miss Albret."

A moment later Virginia entered the room.

"Let us have some tea, O-mi-mi," requested her father

The girl moved here and there gently, preparing and lighting the lamp, measuring the tea, her fair head bowed gracefully over her task, her dark eyes pensive and but half seeing what she did. Finally she seated herself on the arm of a chair with a certain air of decision

"Father," said she

"Yes"

"A stranger came to day with Louis Placide, of Conjuror's House"

"I know it"

"He was treated strangely by our people here, and he treated them strangely in return. Why is that?"

"Who can tell?"

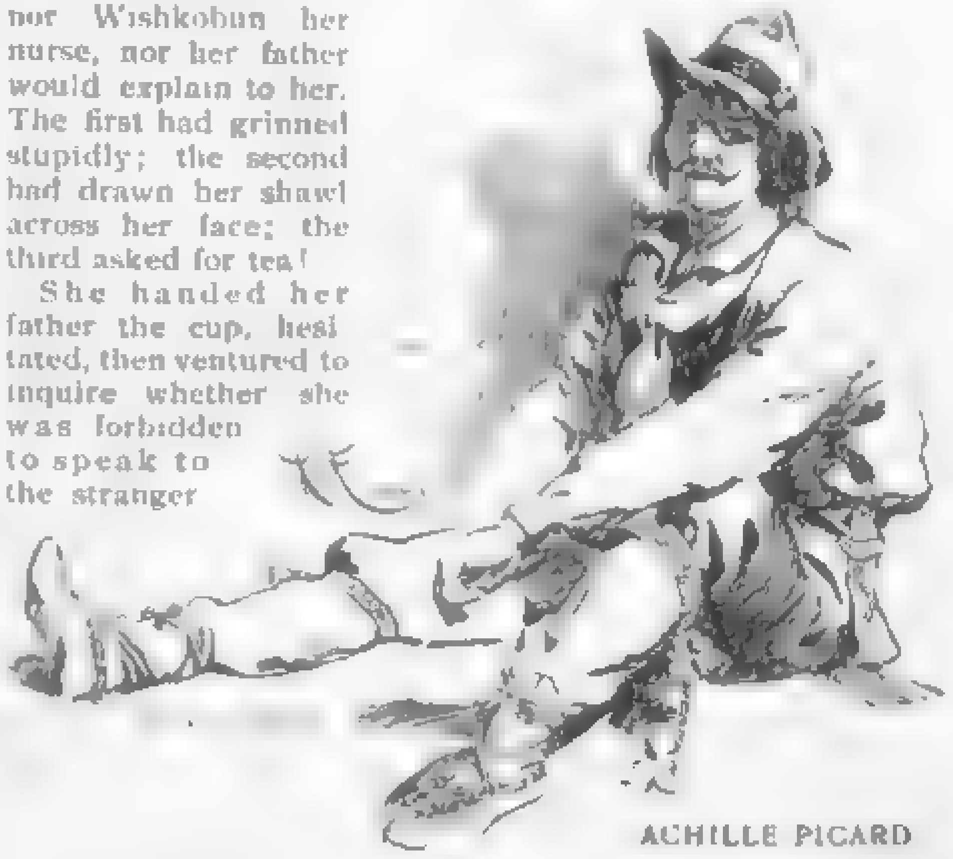
"What is his station? Is he a common trader? He does not look it

"He is a man of intelligence and daring"

"Then why is he not our guest?"

Galen Albret did not answer. After a moment's pause he asked again for his tea. The girl turned away impatiently. Here was a mystery neither the *voyageurs*, nor Wishkobun her nurse, nor her father would explain to her. The first had grinned stupidly; the second had drawn her shawl across her face; the third asked for tea!

She handed her father the cup, hesitated, then ventured to inquire whether she was forbidden to speak to the stranger



ACHILLE PICARD

Editor's Note—This story began in The Saturday Evening Post of April 19.

"He is a gentleman," replied her father. "Suit yourself."

She sipped her tea thoughtfully, her imagination afire. Again she saw the steel flash of the stranger's eye, the laugh of his mouth, the clear bronze lines of his mocking face. Something vaguely familiar seemed to touch her consciousness with ghostly fingers. She closed her eyes and tried to clutch them. At once they were withdrawn. And then again, when her attention wandered, they stole back plucking appealingly at the hem of her recollections.

The room was heavy-curtained, deep-embrasured, for the house, beneath its clapboards, was of logs. Although out-of-doors the clear spring sunshine still flooded the valley of the Moose, within, the shadows had begun with velvet fingers to extinguish the brighter lights. Virginia threw herself on a divan in the corner.

"Virginia," said Galen Albret suddenly.

"Yes, father."

"You are no longer a child, but a woman. Would you like to go to Quebec?"

She did not answer him at once, but pondered beneath close-knit brows.

"Do you wish me to go, father?" she asked at length.

"You are eighteen. It is time you saw the world; time you learned the ways of great people. But the journey is hard. I may not see you again for some years. You go among strangers."

He fell silent again. Motionless he had been, except for the mumbling of his lips beneath his beard.

"It shall be just as you wish," he added a moment later.

At once a conflict arose in the girl's mind between her dreams and her affections, her terrors and her restlessness. But beneath all the glitter of the question there was really nothing to take her out. Here was her father, here were the things she loved; yonder was novelty—and loneliness.

"Must I decide at once?" she asked.

"If you go this year, it must be with the Abitibi Brigade. You have until then."

"Thank you, father," said the girl sweetly. The shadows stole their surroundings one by one until only the brave, bright silver of the tea-service, and the glitter of polished wood, and the square of the open door remained. Galen Albret became an inert dark mass. Virginia's gray was lost in that of the twilight. Neither spoke.

Time passed. The clock ticked on. Dimly sounds penetrated from the kitchen, and still more dimly from out-of-doors. Then the rectangle of the door was darkened by a man peering uncertainly. The man wore his hat, from which slanted a slender heron's plume; his shoulders were square, his haunches slim and graceful. Against the light one caught the outline of his sash tassel and the fringe of his leggings.

"Are you there, Galen Albret?" he cried in a ringing voice.

The spell of twilight mystery broke before it. At once the air became surcharged with vitality—the vitality of opposition.

"And if I am?" replied the Factor's heavy, deliberate tones.

"True, I see you now," rejoined the newcomer carelessly as he flung himself across the arm of a chair and swung one foot. "I do not doubt you are convinced by this time of my intent?"

"My recollection does not tell me what messenger I sent to ask this interview."

"True for you," laughed the young man a little hardly; "you sought it not. I do the asking. What do you suppose *I* care for your conventions or messengers? What do you suppose *I* care what or what not any of your crew desire? It is my own will I consult here. If you like not what I do it is always within your power to stop me." In the tone of his voice was a distinct challenge. Galen Albret, it seemed, chose to pass it by.

"True," he replied sombrely, after a barely perceptible pause to mark his tacit displeasure. "It is your hour. Say on."

"I would know the date at which I take *La Longue Traverse*."

"You persist in that myth?"

"Call my departure what you will—I have the name for it. When do I leave?"

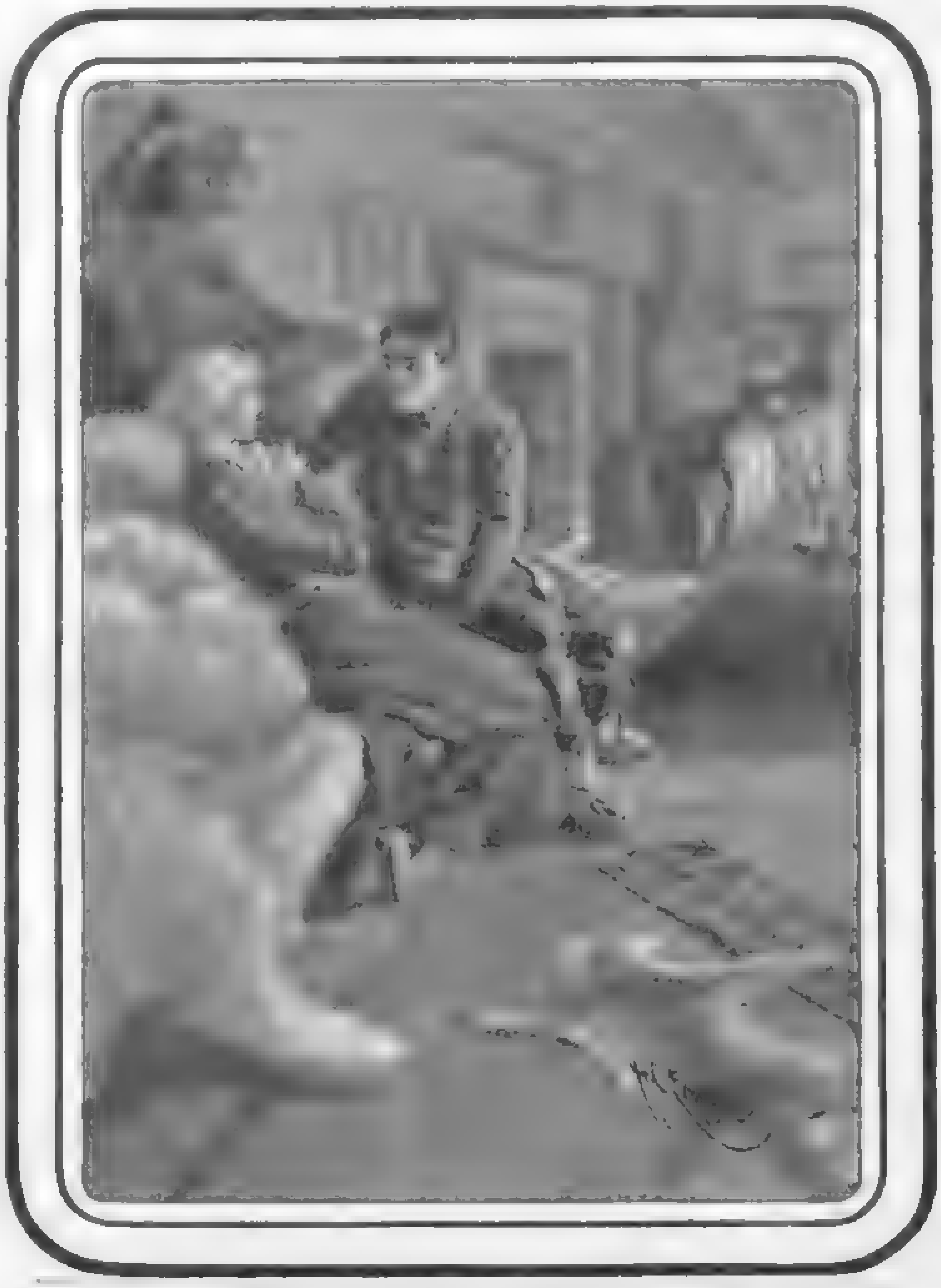
"I have not decided."

"And in the mean time?"

"Do as you will."

"Ah, thanks for this generosity!" cried the young man in a tone of declamatory sarcasm so artificial as fairly to scent the elocutionary. "To do as I will—here—is a blessed privilege! I may walk hither and yon, talk to such as have a good word for me, chastise those who have not. But do I err in concluding that the state of your game law is such that it would be useless to reclaim my rifle from the engaging [illegible]?"

"You have a fine instinct," replied the Factor.


"SURELY YOU CAN FORGIVE A DESPERATE MAN ALMOST ANYTHING?"

"It is one of my great charms," rejoined the young man insolently. He struck a light, and so it could be seen that he intended to ignite a cigarette.

"I do not myself smoke in this room," suggested the older speaker.

"I am curious to learn the limits of your forbearance," replied the younger.

He threw back his head and regarded his opponent with an open challenge, daring him to anger. The match went out.

Virginia, who had listened in growing anger and astonishment, unable to refrain from defending the dignity of her usually autocratic father, although he seemed little inclined to defend himself, now intervened from the dark corner of the divan.

"Is the journey then so long, sir," she asked composedly, "that it at once inspires such anticipations—and such bitterness?"

Instantly the man was on his feet, his hat in his hand, and the cigarette had described a fiery curve into the empty hearth.

"I beg your pardon sincerely," he cried, "I did not know you were here!"

"Your excuses are due elsewhere," replied Virginia. "I must remind you that in my presence my father is as myself."

The young man stepped forward, and without asking permission lighted one of the tall lamps.

"The lady of the guns!" he exclaimed softly to himself.

He moved across the room and looked down on her with open pleasure, while she looked up at him in calm expectation of apology. Galen Albret sat forgotten, motionless, in the shadow of his great armchair.

But after a moment her calm attention broke down. Something there was about this man that stirred more than vaguely her blood. In him she felt the dominant, as a wild creature of the woods senses the master and drops its eyes. The anger did not leave her, but over it spread a film of confusion that robbed it of its potentiality. She recognized in him something that called out in direct appeal the more primitive instincts hitherto dormant beneath her sense of maidenhood, so that even at this moment of conscious opposition her heart was ranging itself on his side. Involuntarily her eyelids fluttered and fell. And he saw and, understanding his power, dropped swiftly beside her on the broad divan.

"You must pardon me, Mademoiselle," he began, his voice sinking to a depth of rich music singularly caressing. "To you I may seem to have small excuse, but when a man is vouchsafed a glimpse of Heaven, only to be cast out the next instant into hell, he is not always particular in his choice of words."

All the time his eyes sought hers which avoided him, and the strong magnetic charm of which he possessed so vital an abundance overwhelmed her unaccustomed consciousness. Galen Albret shifted uneasily and shot a glance in their direction. The stranger, perceiving this, lowered his voice in register and tone, and went on with almost exaggerated earnestness.

"Surely you can forgive a desperate man almost anything?"

"I do not understand," said Virginia with a palpable effort.

Ned Trent leaned forward until his eager face was almost at her shoulder.

"Perhaps not," he urged; "I cannot ask you to try. But suppose, Mademoiselle, you were in my case. Suppose your eyes, like mine, have rested on nothing but a howling wilderness for dear Heaven knows how long, you come at last in sight of real houses, real grass, real dooryard gardens just ready to blossom in the spring, real food, real beds, real books, real men with whom to exchange the sensible word, and real beauty, Mademoiselle—beauty to shame that of the stars you have known through many weary and bitter nights. And you know, while others, the lucky ones, may stay to enjoy it all, you, the unfortunate, are condemned to leave it at any moment for *La Longue Traverse*. Would not you, too, be bitter, Mademoiselle? Would not you, too, mock and sneer? Would not you be just a little inclined even to take advantage of the grace all men in pity would accord you? Think, Mademoiselle; I have not even the little satisfaction of touching men's quick. I can insult them as I will, but they turn aside in pity, saying to one another: 'Let us pleasure him in this, poor fellow, for he is about to take *La Longue Traverse*.' That is why your father accepts calmly from me what he would not from another."

"It does not seem——" faltered the girl; "I do not know—— Men are sent out in this country for years at a time. Long journeys are not unknown among us. We are used to undertaking them."

"But not *La Longue Traverse*," insisted the young man sombrely.

"*La Longue Traverse!*" she repeated in sweet perplexity.

"It is by some called the Journey of Death," he explained.

She turned to look him in the eyes, the expression of puzzlement deepening. "She has never heard of it," said Ned Trent to himself, and aloud:

"Men who undertake it leave comfort behind. They embrace hunger and weariness, cold and disease. At the last they embrace death."

Something in his tone compelled belief; she shuddered.

"This dreadful thing is necessary?" she asked.

"Alas, yes."

"I do not understand——"

"In the North few of us understand," agreed the young man with a hint of bitterness seeping through his voice. "The mighty order, and so we obey. But that is beside the point. I have not told you these things to distress you; I have tried to excuse myself for my actions. Does it touch you a little? Am I forgiven?"

"I do not understand how such things can be——" she objected in some confusion; "why such journeys must exist. My mind cannot comprehend your explanations."

"But your heart?" he breathed.

It was the psychological moment.

"My heart——" she repeated, as though bewildered by his intensity; "my heart—ah—yes!"

Immediately the blood rushed over her face and throat in a torrent. She snatched her eyes away and cowered back in the corner, going red and white by turns, now angry, now frightened, now bewildered, until his masterful pleading gaze again conquered hers.

"I believe you," she murmured hurriedly. "I pity you."

She rose. Quick as light he barred her passage.

"Don't, don't!" she pleaded. "I must go—you have shaken me—I—I do not understand myself——"

"I must see you again," he whispered; "to-night—by the guns!"

"No, no!"

"To-night!" he insisted.

"Oh!" she begged in an agony. "Let me pass! Don't you see—I'm going to cry!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 174 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company. It now has a paid circulation of more than 335,000 copies weekly.

¶ Spring fever catches everybody except those who do not stop to think about it.

¶ After all the trouble he has had the Honorable H Clay Evans would seem to deserve a pension.

¶ Dispatches from China report the defeat of General Ma. No such thing could occur in this country.

¶ Some lives are as full of trouble as the shad is of bones, but the good that is in them is worth the picking

¶ As soon as Hall Caine finishes with Europe we may expect him over here to write the great American novel.

¶ All style is expensive. For instance, it is more fashionable to be run over by an automobile than a bicycle, but it hurts more.

¶ Many good men grow poor dreaming of millions in thousand-dollar towns and planning Queen Anne cottages for Mary Ann neighborhoods.

¶ The wise man of the Old Testament said in his wrath that all men are liars, but he was a member neither of the United States Senate nor of the House of Commons

¶ Clothes are cheaper, but food is dearer, while education is free. So here, at last, are the conditions of a good appearance, plain living and high thinking—but, alas! philosophers are scarce.

¶ Oleomargarine by another name will not sell as butter. The new law passed by Congress settled that fact. Thus the cow is protected and the garlic flavor of gentle spring will have no imitations.

¶ There is a suspicion that the press department of the Charleston Exposition originated the intimation that President Roosevelt was afraid to attend the show. The managers wanted to make sure of his attendance.

¶ "So little done, so much to do," said Cecil Rhodes before he died. Others have said the same thing differently. Others will say it again. It is the fact that there is always so much to do that makes life worth living.

¶ All the reports say that Spain likes us better than she did three years ago and that she is growing fonder of us all the time. How can she help it? When she gazes toward the Philippines she must honestly pity us. And pity, the poet tells us is akin to love.

¶ Colonel Henry Watterson comes "Nawth" occasionally just to stir up the money-making population. His latest bogie was that President Roosevelt may Mexicanize the country. The funniest part of it is that so many of the newspapers and party speakers took him seriously.

¶ The youth who valorously declaimed, "Hope for the season bade the earth farewell and screedom freaked when Kosiusko fell," does not get much of a show in the new kinds of commencements. Changes announced for this year are more radical than ever. The programs are shorter and those who go will be happier.

¶ In May the work on a "Block Beautiful" in Brooklyn will begin. Vines, trees and window boxes will be artistically used. In three years it is expected that the block will be one of the show places of Brooklyn. If the example is followed the result will be really glorious. Making a city beautiful was long ago placed on the list of impossible hopes. But of course in the new century nothing must be impossible.

¶ An idea of the running of a modern university can be gathered from the budget announced for the operation of Columbia University for the year beginning July 1, next. The total appropriation is $1,099,160.62, of which just about one million dollars is for educational and operating expenses. It is easy to recall the time, only a decade or so ago, when a million dollars was considered an abundant foundation fund for a great educational institution, but now more than that sum is spent in a single year. It is an impressive illustration of the tremendous growth of higher education in the United States

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Ready-Made Homes Out West

THE telegraphic dispatches announced recently that seven thousand homeseekers, traveling on colonists' tickets, passed through Minneapolis in one day. They were bound for the Dakotas, Montana, Wyoming, Washington and Oregon. The passenger departments of the Santa Fe and Southern Pacific railroads recently estimated the number of people who came into California this season on colonists' tickets at 33,000, an increase of twenty per cent. over the number last year. Traffic managers of Western and Southwestern railroad lines have evidence to convince them that during the season last past over a million Americans went homeseeking Westward from the Eastern and Middle States. Every State and Territory west of the Missouri River has received some portion of this horde. And there is every reason to believe that the tide of homeseekers is not ebbing, and that it will continue to inundate the West for at least a decade, rising year by year in its strength.

This twentieth century hegira differs from any other movement of American population in many interesting and important ways that are worthy of the sociologist's consideration.

In the first place, these homeseekers are not foreigners. They are men and women of good, wholesome Middle States American blood and tradition farmers, mechanics, merchants, small capitalists, and young men of parts, going West to grow up with the country. They are not poor. They have sold out their farms and their businesses in good times at good prices, and have left good jobs at good wages. It is not a hard-times movement. The old-time mover went by wagon in most miserable estate. The mover to-day goes in the tourist sleeper, takes his meals at the lunch-counter, and buys his magazines of the train butcher. The old settler came to his promised land with four dollars in his pocket and a pair of mules hitched to his wagon. The new settler comes with a pink draft and a letter to the banker at his new home

And herein lies the great difference between the old colonist and the new: the new colonist is not a pioneer. He has neither wild lands, wild animals, nor wild men to fight. He is going into a settled community. The land has passed from the homesteader to the mortgage company and back to the farmer; the county seats have all been located and the court houses paid for; the railroads have been built and everything on earth for which bonds may possibly be voted has been put in and retained or discarded. The scalawags who always rise when a new country settles have been combed out before this year's settler comes to his new home, and the boomer and the breeder of wild-cat schemes have been carefully shut up in jail or driven farther West. The million colonists who move from East to West this year will find social conditions somewhat similar, in their new homes, to those in the homes they left. Land is a little cheaper in the West; work for the unskilled a little better paid; jobs for superintendents and general managers a little more numerous; business opportunities a little easier to grasp with small capital; economic conditions a little less "set." But those are the only differences now between the Far East and the Far West, and the new colonist who goes West to grow up with the country will find it already half grown. And his discovery is to his advantage

For the West is no longer in the experiment stage. The people out there know a large number of things now that they cannot do. To know this has cost many lives and much treasure. And the new colonist is the beneficiary of this pioneer expenditure. For instance, they know now that they can't raise corn in Eastern Colorado or Western Kansas and Nebraska or the two Dakotas. But it took hundreds of millions of dollars to find this out. The new settler there will plant his alfalfa and Kaffir corn and sorghum and grow his white-face steer and be wise. Also, he won't appeal to the East for aid as the boom settlers had to do when the drought came. For the new crops are drought-proof. The whole West to-day is on a paying basis. And the twentieth century homeseeker will be one of the few homeseekers in the world's history who will go into his new ready-made home welcomed by the resident population, with no obstacles of language, climatic condition or political tradition to overcome, and with nothing to do but to hang his coat on a nail and go to work.

It will be worth while to observe if these new homeseekers make as good citizens as the pioneers who had hard sense knocked into them by a thousand battles with averse circumstances. But this much is certain: the newcomers will never have the fun the old settlers had.

—WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

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Might makes more fight than it does right

⁂

What $200,000,000 Will Do

IN THE race among nations, is the prize to go to the swift or to the heavily weighted? That is a question eminently worth our while to consider. Sir Robert Griffin has lately been proposing a scheme of taxation to meet what he regards as the necessary expenses of Great Britain. He thinks that a permanent revenue of $750,000,000 is required, of which $400,000,000 must be regularly devoted to the army and navy.

Is there not here a hint of a method by which we can secure our supremacy in the commercial competition which all agree is to be the characteristic of the twentieth century? While our European rivals are loading themselves down with armor, how would it be if we should strip to racing costume? We have no need to spend $400,000,000 a year on our army and navy. That is more than the entire expenses of our Government amounted to a few years ago. We are retiring from Cuba. We do not require strong garrisons to hold down Porto Rico or Hawaii, and we certainly are not counting on an unending war in the Philippines. We have no aggressive designs against our neighbors, and all the world has learned that it is not judicious to attack us. We must have a strong navy, it is true, but that can be maintained at a comparatively moderate expense. Our pension list is beginning to decline. In a few years we may expect it to be down to $75,000,000 and still sinking. There is no reason why our army and navy together should cost over $125,000,000. Suppose at that time we find ourselves spending $200,000,000 a year on army and navy and pensions combined, while England and the other principal European Powers are spending $400,000,000 apiece—would that make no difference in the chances of winning the commercial leadership of the world? And suppose, at the same time, that we diverted only 75,000 men from productive industry to naval and military exercises while European Powers were diverting at least half a million each, what then?

The $200,000,000 saved in a single year would pay the entire cost of the Isthmian Canal In another year it would buy out the whole telegraph system of the United States and provide us with Government cables to all our island possessions. In the third year it would irrigate enough land to support a million families. In the fourth year it would make a ship canal from Lake Erie to the Hudson by which the iron workers and shipbuilders of the Lakes would be given free access to the ocean. In the fifth year it would open deep-water navigation from Chicago to the Mississippi. In the sixth year it would make every important harbor on the Alantic and Pacific coasts of the United States accessible to the largest steamers.

The mere crumbs and leavings of such a revenue would furnish the most perfect system of technical education in the world, by which the resourcefulness of Americans would be supplemented by the thorough knowledge of Germans.

It is well to be prepared for war, but there are various forms of preparation. Expenditures of money and wasted labor by which a nation is impoverished bring not strength but weakness. Spain was prepared in that way for decade after decade, and century after century, and the result has been that for more than two hundred years Spain has never engaged in a war in which her strength has not collapsed at the first serious strain. The nation that is best prepared for war is the one which, with reasonable but not extravagant military equipments, has devoted most of its efforts to strengthening its general health and vigor. European statesmen are complaining that their countries are fatally handicapped in the race with us by their excessive taxation. Why not take a hint from them and reduce our own taxation, or turn our revenues from unproductive to productive uses?

—SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

To Young Men Beginning Business

The Young Farmer—By F. A. WARNER

MANAGER OF THE SIBLEY ESTATE FARMS

THERE is no event in life of so much importance as the choosing of the business of life. That time comes, or should come, to every young man, and to many it is a source of much anxiety. It is a step well worthy of his very best thought and his most careful decision

It is for the purpose of assisting young men in making the choice of a business that this article is written.

Self-reliance, ability and energy are three requirements for success in any vocation. Without these any success achieved is more a matter of chance than a reward for correctly directed effort. An earnest desire to succeed, with a keen appreciation of the difficulties and obstacles to be surmounted, yet with a firm determination to attain the desired end by one's own effort, honestly applied, is half the success, attained already

As a rule, wealth unearned by his own brain and hand is more likely to be a curse than a blessing to the average young man. Rich men's sons who can get money for the asking, with no thought of giving any value in effort for it, are not our best citizens nor is society benefited by their example Sons making the right use of inherited wealth are the exception and not the rule.

There is an immense attraction in the sudden acquisition of wealth. The idea of getting rich at thirty-five or forty and using the rest of one's life in spending the money is firmly rooted in the mind of the average young American. He first sets a mark of perhaps $200,000 as the size of the fortune he wants, but if able and fortunate enough to secure that amount he immediately sets about doubling it, and then, if he follows in the usual course, he not only fails in the new effort but loses all he had first won, and is rarely able, afterward, to gain more than a mere livelihood

In these days there is too much plunging and not enough conservatism, too much venture and not enough caution, too much trickery and not enough honesty, too much self and not enough thought for one's neighbor.

In the consideration of agriculture, which I think is an ideal business, I want the reader to follow me for a few minutes while I describe the ideal young farmer engaged in the real business of farming—a description made from the standpoint of studied and careful observation and of practical work for a period of over fifty busy years

Starting out with the assumption that the young man was raised on the farm with only moderate country school advantages, with possibly a winter or two in some city academy, I should advise him to attend, if possible, and even at some sacrifice, the College of Agriculture and the Experiment Station of his State. He should take up especially the study of soils and their adaptability to produce certain varieties of product, and the study of the proper preparation, cultivation and preservation of field crops, the care and feeding of stock—both for beef and dairy—and also swine husbandry. Even winter terms at such a college will add an interest to farm work and will greatly aid in explaining the various problems which arise to puzzle the farmer. The principles taught in these State Agricultural Colleges are broad in the scope of their work and are exceedingly helpful

A Course of Reading for the Farmer

If, however, the privilege of attending such a college is denied, I should advise a young man to spend as much of his time as possible in the deliberate, thoughtful reading of some selections from the following list of publications, nearly all of which can be obtained from the Orange Judd Publishing Company, New York or Chicago. For a general survey of agriculture: First Principles of Agriculture, by Vorhees, Principles of Agriculture, by Professor L. H. Bailey, of Cornell University; New American Farm Book Revised and Enlarged, by Lewis F. Allen. These all treat of general farm matters in detail

Fertility of the Land, by Professor I. P. Roberts, discusses soils and their composition, and remedies for the renewal of lost fertility. How Crops Grow, and How Crops Feed, by Johnson, are excellent for study and reference. Soil and Crops of the Farm, by Professor George E. Morrow, is a carefully compiled work relating to the most approved methods of making available the plant food and to methods of cultivation, and it pertains more especially to the great grain-growing and stock-raising Western States.

Land Draining, by Miles, gives most complete directions regarding open and tile drainage, and it is well illustrated.

The Book of Corn, compiled under the direction of Herbert Myrick and now in the printer's hands, promises to be, from what I know personally of the contributors, an invaluable book for the corn grower. The enthusiast on corn would be greatly interested also in Indian Corn Culture, by Professor C. S. Plumb; Corn Plants, Their Uses and Ways of Life, by F. L. Sargent, and Manual of Corn Judging, by A. D. Shamel

All the crops grown by the farmer are more or less subject to insect pests or diseases. Insects and Insecticides, by Weed, and its companion, Fungi and Fungicides, by the same author, treat of these matters very comprehensively

Weeds and How to Eradicate Them, by Thomas Shaw, ought to be in every farmer's hands and should receive his earnest attention. Breeds of Livestock, by J. H. Sanders, editor of the Breeder's Gazette, gives an exhaustive treatment of the distinguishing characteristics of the various breeds of farm animals

As for specialties, there are Swine Husbandry, by F. D Coburn; American Dairying, by H. B. Gurler; Shepherd's Manual, by Henry Stuart; Youatt and Spooner on the Horse, and Wright's Practical Poultry-Keeper—all of them interesting and instructive

Feeds and Feeding, by W. A. Henry, is a standard work and modern in every respect. Diseases of Horses and Cattle, by Donald McIntosh, should be owned by every stockman and carefully studied so that he may be ready to make prompt use of the suggestions and remedies when needed. Silos, Ensilage and Silage, by Manly Miles, tells how to build and fill silos and feed silage

It would certainly be only in keeping with advanced ideas in farming to buy the young wife The Woman's Manual for the Household. This book is a veritable directory for the thousand and one things indispensable to know in a well regulated household. The Practical Fruit Grower, by S. T Maynard; Gardening for Young and Old, by Joseph Harris and The Beautiful Flower Garden, by Mathews, would all add to the comfort and pleasure of the farm home if read and heeded. I have also read with interest and profit Clover Farming, by Henry Wallace, and Horse Useful, and Forage and Fodders, by F D Coburn.

Rules that the Young Farmer Should Follow

The reader will understand that these books mentioned are only a few of the general agricultural works. I have sought to cover in a general way the leading industries on the farm There are a great number of books discussing specialties, and any of them can be obtained through the agricultural publishing houses

I should recommend the reading, first, of such of these books as treat of matters connected with the young man's immediate work on the farm, and those which relate most directly to his particular surroundings. If he is to start as a strictly grain-raising farmer he should read those works which most fully relate to that subject. If he is to be a stock farmer then let him read the works treating directly of that subject

The ideal young farmer is the one who will heed the helpful suggestions to be found in the reading of most of the books mentioned. In them will be found the results of years of research and experiment, and if he will make use of the knowledge he gains in their reading it will set him in the forefront, ready equipped to do battle in his chosen business—and to gain a signal victory. Accompanying this reading there must be keen observation and the desire to verify the statements of the authors by actual trials under his own eye

The young farmer should determine to be the very best farmer, and then he should use every honest endeavor to attain that mark. Such a determination is inconsistent with speculation and with going into extremes in anything. Own about the same amount of stock; plant about the same acreage of corn and oats, the same amount in pasture, in meadow, in fruit, in garden; arrange for the rotation of crops and conserve the fertility of the soil by sowing clover, by carefully preserving and spreading all manure, by keeping as much stock as will consume all the "roughage" grown and will make return to the land through manure.

I should have him start with economy in mind. Buy those things *necessary to do the work. Do not run in debt. Pay as you go.* Notes are easy to *sign* but hard to *pay*. And there is no independence so enjoyable as that which comes from "Owe no man anything but the love you owe a fellow-being." I should want him to keep right on with the special branch he chooses—not changing from one kind to another like a farmer I knew, who, seeing his neighbor have a fine crop of oats one year, planted nearly all his farm to oats the following year. Oats were poor and corn was better. Then he tired of oats and planted nearly all corn; and corn was not so profitable as hogs, and so he turned to hogs for profit, and when he was well stocked the hogs nearly all died of cholera. The neighbor who had followed the plan of having about the same amount of each product each year had done very well, for the reason that, having a variety of products, some one or more of them were of the profitable kind.

Our ideal young farmer must be a man of courage Any disappointment, or any failure to accomplish the end he desires, should be the means of giving him a knowledge of things to avoid and of things to cultivate with greater care

Business Methods Applied to Farming

He should, moreover, be a man of method. Every hour of every day should count for something. The movements of the body in doing work are entirely under the direction and control of the brain. The knowledge stored in the brain, therefore, should be of such a nature as shall seek to economize the strength of the body, bringing into the best use those parts of the body needed to do the work with the least waste Many farmers are looked upon as great workers because they seem to be always in a hurry. They rush here and there, or pick up this article and drop that, and their useless movements are greatly in excess of the useful

I call to mind a good-natured, strong, German farmer who was one of these hard workers. He was always up early in the morning. He would hurry into the field to plow—only to find that he had left the whiffletrees at the house, having used them on the wagon the evening previous. He could pitch more bundles of oats upon a wagon in the field than could most men, but would do it in such a manner that the wagon rarely reached the stack or thresher without a reloading. He was the same with all work on the farm. He had been twelve years a renter and was likely to be a renter for twelve years more

By the proper care and use of the body health can usually be conserved and life really prolonged. The eating, sleeping, resting and working should be so controlled as to preserve the proper healthy equilibrium. I cannot pass this point without the remark that the use of liquor and tobacco has a direct tendency to weaken brain, nerve and muscle, and to cause an early collapse. I should like to see my ideal farmer have a sufficient amount of pride to appear at any time and place well clothed and in his right mind

I should like him to know just what he is doing, financially, from year to year, and for keeping his accounts he should obtain a book with what is called "journal ruling" About two hundred pages will last a long time. He should open up the following accounts: *eighty-acre piece of corn, eighty-acre piece of oats, thirty-acre piece of wheat, sixty-acre pasture, sixty-acre piece of meadow, ten acre piece of orchard and garden.* Charge against each piece the seed furnished and all work done and the acreage proportion of repairs, taxes, insurance, etc.; and when a crop is harvested credit to the proper account the product obtained. Also open an account with horses, cattle, hogs, farm machinery and expense account Charge the stock with their feed, the farm machinery with the tools bought and their repairs, and the expense account with the items of expenditure not enumerated in the other headings Credit horses with the work done and with money received from any sold. Credit cattle and hogs with increase, or with money from sales made. Credit farm machinery with the use per acre. It will take only a few minutes at evening to make the proper entries, and thus at any time the farmer can take an inventory value and find how he stands. Things which, as the book shows, do not have a balance on the credit side can be abandoned, and those which show a good credit can be increased

The above is only what any man in any mercantile business always does, and as farming is just as much a business, there should be account books to show what is made or lost

What it Costs to Begin Farming

If our ideal young farmer shall be so fortunate as to own the necessary teams, tools, seed and livestock for a 160-acre farm, and should further be so fortunate as to own the land, too, that land to be situated in the central part of the State of Illinois—if he shall be industrious and frugal, with a helpmeet of like mind, shall be the thorough farmer that we should wish him to be, then I should place him a little above the average farmer in production, and, allowing all things else to

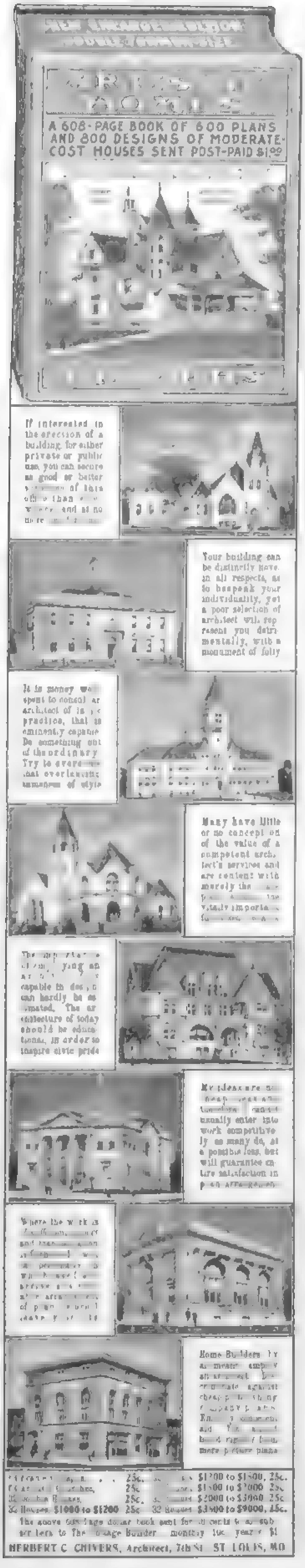

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figure upon the average prices obtained for the past thirty years, I should expect his book of accounts to show the following entries as nearly as may be. If he started with new things his inventory account at the start would be as follows

1 riding plow	$ 37 50
1 three-section harrow	15.00
1 disk, 7½ feet cut	24.00
1 corn planter and check wire	33 00
1 oats-seeder, 11 feet	16.00
1 riding cultivator	22.00
1 walking cultivator	15 00
1 farm wagon	55 00
1 mowing machine	40.00
1 hay rake	20.00
1 harvester self-binder	120 00
1 hay rack	7.00
3 sets work harness at $26	78.00
3 horses (geldings) at $110	330.00
3 brood mares (2 in foal) at $130	390.00
4 cows at $40	160 00
4 steers and heifers, 2 years past at $35	140.00
4 yearling heifers and steers at $20	80.00
4 calves heifers and steers, at $8	32.00
2 brood sows, 250 lbs. each, at 4½c. lb.	22 50
4 doz poultry (44 pullets, 4 cockerels) at $3 doz	12.00
Furniture and household supplies	200.00
Seed corn, 12 bu at $1	12.00
Seed oats, 125 bu. at 32c	40.00
Feed for six horses, March 1 to September 30, 168 bu corn at 35½c	59 64
168 bu oats at 29½c	49 56
Hay for four months, 1½ tons each, 6 tons at $5	30 00
Feed for 2 brood sows, 4 months, 10 bu corn at 35½c	[illegible]
Total	$2043[illegible]

Hence our young farmer must have about $2000 in money to make the above purchases in order to start farming and be what we call *fully equipped* to do good work and produce the best results. He might start with considerably less equipment but it would be at the expense of much more labor, and in the exchanging of work with neighbors there would be possible neglect of his own fields and a consequent less production and a slower accumulation of profits. I believe that our young farmer could safely start farming if he had $1000 in money to purchase the horses and tools needed to the close of corn cultivation, the other expenses could be provided for out of the earliest returns from the farm of the most salable products

The First Year's Dividend

We shall now still further show what entries, debit and credit, should be made in his book of accounts. The 160-acre farm would produce per acre as follows:

[illegible] acres in corn 40 bu an acre, 3500 bu [illegible]	$1242 50
50 acres in oats 45 bu an acre [illegible] bu at 29½c	[illegible]
16 acres in hay, 1½ tons an acre, at $5 [illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] pasture, to graze cattle increased value, 8 head unsold	120 00
4 acres in garden, orchard and roads etc., produce worth	25 00
Sold 4 head cattle, coming 3 years old, at $50	200.00
Sold 10 head hogs, 250 lbs. each, at 4½c lb	112 50
Sold 2 brood sows, 400 lbs. each, at 4½c. lb.	36 00
Sold 6 doz chickens at $3 doz	18 00
100 lbs butter at 15c lb	15 00
250 doz. eggs at 12c. doz	30 00
	$25[illegible] 75

In addition to the above he has on hand of increase stock

6 calves at $10	$60.00	
2 brood sows at $9	18 00	
2 colts at $20	40.00	
6 doz chickens at $3 doz	18.00	—136 00
Total		$2718 75

What His Expenses Will Be

His expense account will be about as follows:

1 hired man, 9 months at $20	$180.00
Extra help—harvesting, threshing, [illegible]	[illegible]
Help in the house sundry busy times	30.00
Feed for horses, hogs, cattle, etc., 400 bu. corn at 35½c	142.00
Feed for horses, 150 bu oats at 29½c	44 25
Feed for horses and cattle 9 tons hay at $5	45 00
Threshing bill, 2250 bu oats at 1¼c	28.12
Shelling 3100 bu. corn at ¾c	23 25
Board hired man, 9 months at $10	90 00
" " girl, 3 months at $10	30.00
" extra help, visitors, etc	25 00
Groceries, dry goods, clothing, shoes, etc	250 00
Miscellaneous [illegible]	[illegible]
Wear and repairs on all tools, 10 per cent	[illegible]
Total	$995.62

This would leave net for him $1723 13, being the product of his labor and investment. This would be six per cent. on $80 per acre and nearly $1000 to save or to invest in more stock and improvements

If our young farmer should start on a rented farm his expenses would be about the same; and if he should pay cash rent of $5 an acre he would have $923.13 profit. If he will cut up some of his corn before frost, and if he will carefully stack his oats and straw and properly house and paint his farm tools, his expenses can be considerably lessened and the rough feed used to save grain and hay, with a possible surplus of fruits, potatoes, melons, etc., to sell

Careful rotation with clover sown in the oats, the persistent spreading of the manure made, and the timely doing of the seasonable farm work will increase his income as the years come and go.

The Most Profitable Farm Acreage

I should not advise any young man in the Western country to try to get rich upon an 80-acre farm. It may do to start with for a year or two, but it is too large for one man to work with success and too small in product to justify buying the tools and employing the help to do good farming

Only in fruit farming or market gardening, or in the two combined, would that size farm pay

On half-section farms he would do proportionately better than on 160 acres, but must have the necessary experience to be gained by two or three years on 160 acres, and when he has a large farm of from 1000 to 1280 acres he must have the capacity and ability to manage the work of his men to the best advantage and should be a thorough stockman, breeder, feeder and seller, and an earnest student of the rotation of crops, as it is now quite well understood, and on any size farm he must know intimately the How, Where and When of all things pertaining to his chosen business.

I should not have our young farmer neglect the social functions prevailing in his neighborhood, only I should advise that they be of such as character as shall in no instance have a tendency to belittle the dignity of his position. I realize there must now and then be some relaxation and diversion from the day-by-day duties on the farm. I think the Grange meetings, the township farmers' clubs, the farmers' institutes and the various farm and livestock associations, serve both to divert and educate, if I may so express it. The exchange of ideas and opinions and the object-lessons furnished are often of great benefit.

I should have our young farmer a leader in these affairs by reason of his superior knowledge of the matters to be discussed, secured by his Agricultural College training or from the reading of some of the books referred to in this article.

The Young Farmer's Home Life

The home surroundings on the farm are of much more importance than is usually given to that feature. The arrangement of the buildings, for both convenience and health, is very important. Lack of shade trees and fruit trees gives an undesirable barrenness to a view. We repeat with reverence the line, "The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well." That sentiment did very well for our long ago forefathers, but give us now the bucket that is so busy that no moss can cling to it.

The surroundings and interior of the farm home are indicative of the progressiveness of the owner. Let our ideal young farmer start out with the view of making the farm home a fitting place for his chosen life partner, who, at least in the courting days, expected to reign over a home dominion to be pointed at with pride and pleasure

I should have this young farmer be a power in his neighborhood though showing an example of industry, honesty, ability and good judgment. I should have him bear in mind that quality, as well as quantity, is to be considered in every transaction, both in buying and selling. I should wish that he might always consider that "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

The world wants live, progressive men whose works will live after them as an example to succeeding generations.

Agriculture is taking its place in the world's progress, and is a science and a business worthy of the united efforts of the unselfish wisdom of the best men. May our ideal young farmer be one of these men. He can be if he will.

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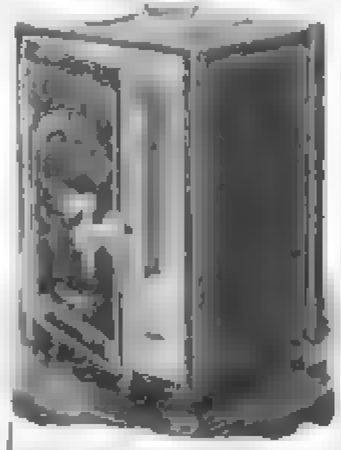

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Oddities and Novelties of Every-Day Science

The Little People on Fruit

Dr. Bernhard Ehrlich, of Strasburg, has been trying to find out just how much suspicion of unwholesomeness may properly attach to fruits sold in city streets, by reason of microbes contained in the dust and dirt to which they are exposed. Such fruit—grapes, apples, and the like—is handled quite freely by purchasers, and most people have seen the itinerant vender in the act of polishing an apple or orange with a filthy rag kept specially for that purpose

The question is, How far may such fruits be eaten with safety?

Doctor Ehrlich washed a few bunches of grapes bought at a street stand, and injected a little of the water into three guinea-pigs Two of them died within a few days of tuberculosis At the same period, an attack of cholera, which killed several inmates of an almshouse in the neighborhood, was traced to currants brought from a region where cholera was epidemic

By washing various kinds of fruits and making "cultures," the Doctor ascertained that a person consumes, in eating 200 grams of blueberries bought at a street stand, an average of 400,000 bacteria. With a like quantity of plums the number is 700,000, with pears, 800,000; with gooseberries, 1,000,000; with strawberries, [illegible], with raspberries, 4,000,000; with grapes 8,000,000; with currants, 10,000,000, and with cherries, 12,000,000

Of course, it should be realized that most bacteria are entirely harmless. A great majority of the micro-organisms found on grapes were the innocent microscopic fungi known as molds, while on the apples and pears the germs that turn milk sour were plentiful. But the Doctor suggests that it is a serious question whether the excessive prevalence of typhoid fever in the autumn is not properly attributable to the plentifulness of fruit at that season

The moral drawn from the inquiry is that fruits which are not peeled before they are eaten ought to be thoroughly washed with running water. Also, that it is best, when one buys fruit, to get it somewhere else than from the Italian on the corner

Great Salt Lake is Drying Up

Within fifty years from the present time the Great Salt Lake of Utah—the most remarkable body of water of its kind in the world—will have ceased to exist. It will have dried up, and its place will be occupied by an unattractive desert, save perhaps for a few irrigated farms

Such, at all events, is the opinion of geologists. Professor W. J. McGee, of Washington, remarked in conversation the other day that half a century was an outside estimate for the survival of the lake. He was inclined to think that it would be dried up twenty-five years from now. Already its waters show signs of receding from the shores, and causes are in operation which lessen to a great extent the supplies furnished to this curious inland sea by streams

The lake is about seventy-five miles long by half that in greatest breadth, being in shape somewhat irregular, and is rather shallow. There may be places where it has a depth of as much as 100 feet, but over most of its area it is less than 50 feet deep The reason why it is so salt is simply that it has no outlet save through evaporation, and the streams during ages past have been carrying salt into it

The contributing streams are now beginning to be utilized on a large scale for irrigating purposes, and thus the customary water supply is being withheld to some extent from the lake. Before long immense reservoirs will be constructed in the mountains to hold the storm waters during the rainy season, in order that they may be conserved and poured out over the fields in the dry time. Operations of this kind, conducted so extensively, must lower the level of the lake quite fast.

When the lake is gone much of the land thus made dry will be unavailable for agriculture, owing to its containing so large a percentage of salts of various kinds deposited from the water in the course of many centuries. But it may be supposed that certain areas, where the lake was comparatively shallow, will be suitable for farming Thus there will be some direct gain

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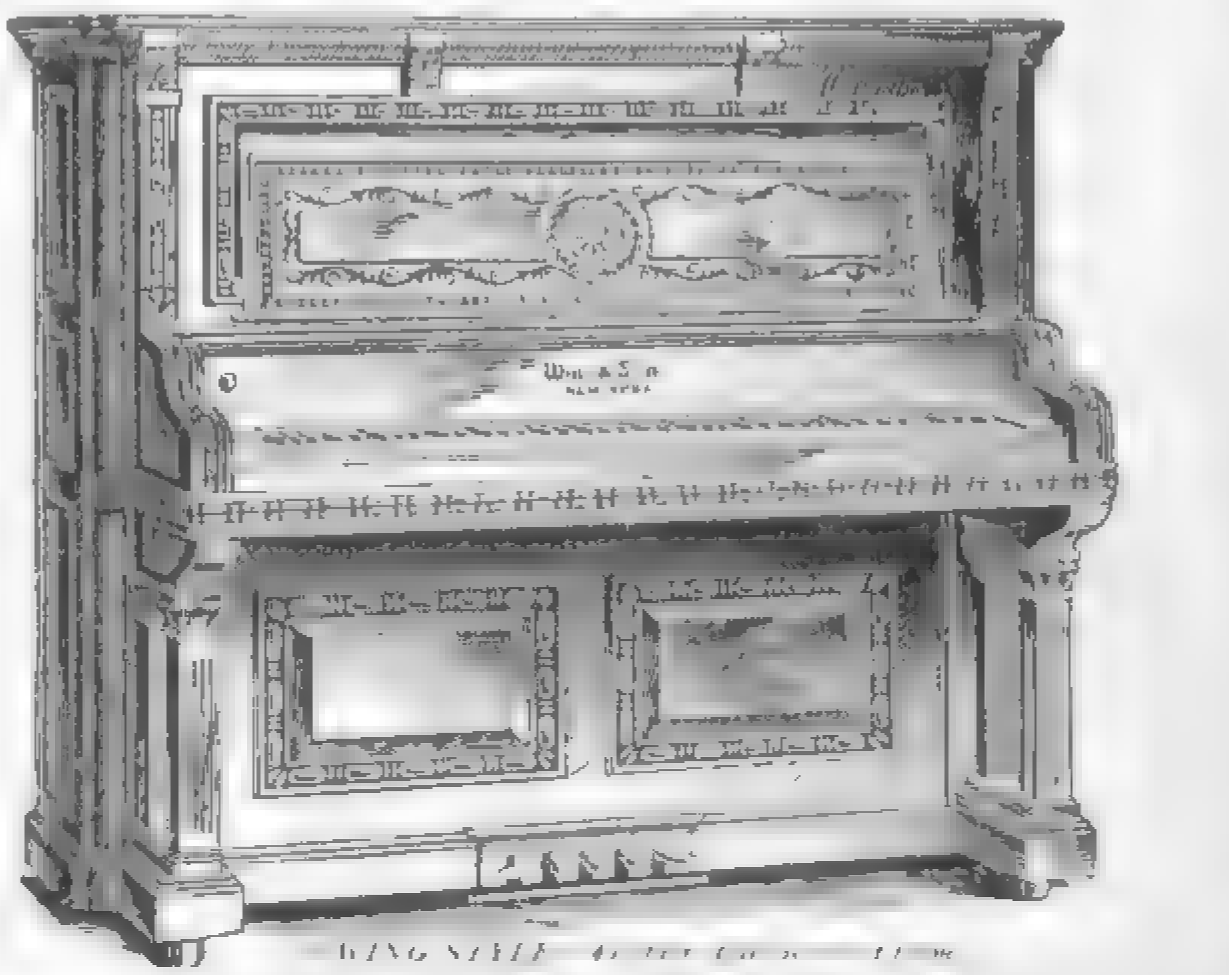

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Williams' Shaving Stick, 25c. **Williams' Glycerated Tar (Toilet) Soap, 10c.**
Genuine Yankee Shaving Soap (Rd. or Sq.), 10c. **Luxury Shaving Tablet, 25c.**
Williams' Shaving Soap (Barbers'), 6 round cakes, 1 lb. 40c. Exquisite also for toilet.

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Here is the Men's Closet Set. Ask us to show you the Ladies' Set

You want to preserve the form, fit and appearance of your clothes? Keep them orderly in half the space you now use? Then, get

The GOODFORM Closet Set
Then everything is in sight and reach

Be sure and get the genuine. A [illegible] *worse than* [illegible]

Every [illegible] in the set is [illegible] and *up-to date.*

Men's Set, 6 GOODFORM trousers hangers, 12 coat hangers, [illegible], $3.00, express paid

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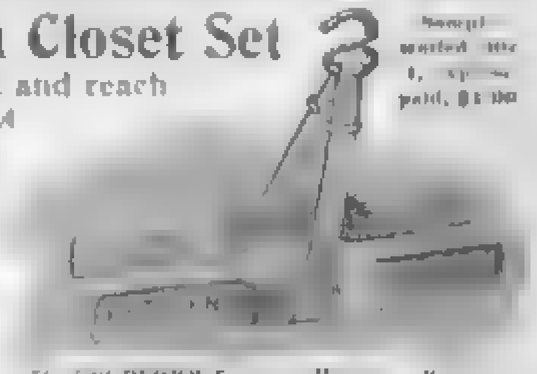
Two sets in one shipment, $5.50, express paid



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The GOODFORM Trousers Hanger. Presses the garment. Never slips

Catalog B shows sets with fewer pieces, less price. Send us the names of three friends who would appreciate an *up-to date* method of keeping a wardrobe, then you will receive a coupon for 50c., good for its face value on the purchase of a set. Address

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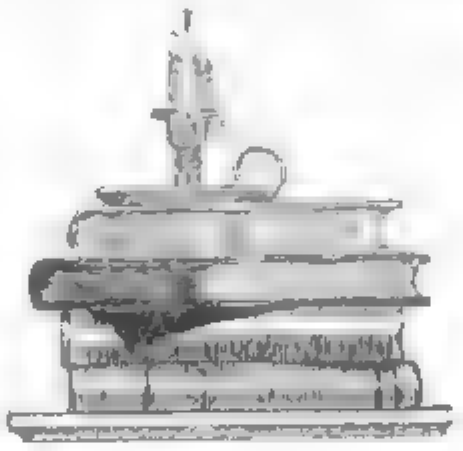
CLASS PINS [illegible] or badges made for any [illegible] Bastian Bros., Rochester, N.Y.

Literary Folk

Their Ways & Their Work



Poet, Populist and Historian

MR. THOS. E. WATSON

Honorable Thomas E. Watson's Napoleon *(The Macmillan Company)* is attracting considerable attention just now, and the book will probably be discussed for some time to come.

There has been a Napoleon craze in this country for a long time and every new life of the conqueror finds numerous readers. The reason why Mr. Watson's volume is purchased and read is not merely that people still feel a lively interest in the Great Corsican, the "man without a model and without a shadow." It is sought and studied by thousands who rarely ever read a book—by thousands who do not care a rap for Napoleon. They buy it because its author was one of their leaders in one of the most remarkable political upheavals ever known in America.

Only a few years ago Tom Watson, as he is familiarly called by his admirers, was the head and front of the Populist party in the South. His political articles and speeches gave him a national reputation, and his followers in Georgia tried to elect him Governor, while their brother Populists in every quarter of the Union hailed him as a possible President.

Watson's Story of France made a hit, and so did his Jefferson. But his Napoleon bids fair to be the crowning literary success of his life.

Mr. Watson feels at home in his new field of endeavor, and, with him, literature is no doubtful experiment. It promises him fame and fortune, and already he sees both within easy reach.

About a quarter of a century ago it was a part of my journalistic routine to read the Georgia country weeklies. At that time I had never met Mr. Watson, and had not even heard his name.

One day I saw in the Journal, his home weekly, a poem entitled Josephine, under Mr. Watson's signature. It was such a striking bit of verse that I clipped it, and carried it in my pocketbook until a friend borrowed and lost it.

Two or three weeks after the appearance of Josephine the Journal published a poem on Napoleon. This also was from Mr. Watson's pen, and was generally admired, and reproduced in many newspapers.

Then the poet suddenly changed his line of work. Though his verses had been highly complimented, he turned his back on the poetic muse, and leaped into the exciting arena of politics.

I first saw him in the summer of 1880. He was a delegate to the Democratic State Convention which had assembled to nominate a Governor.

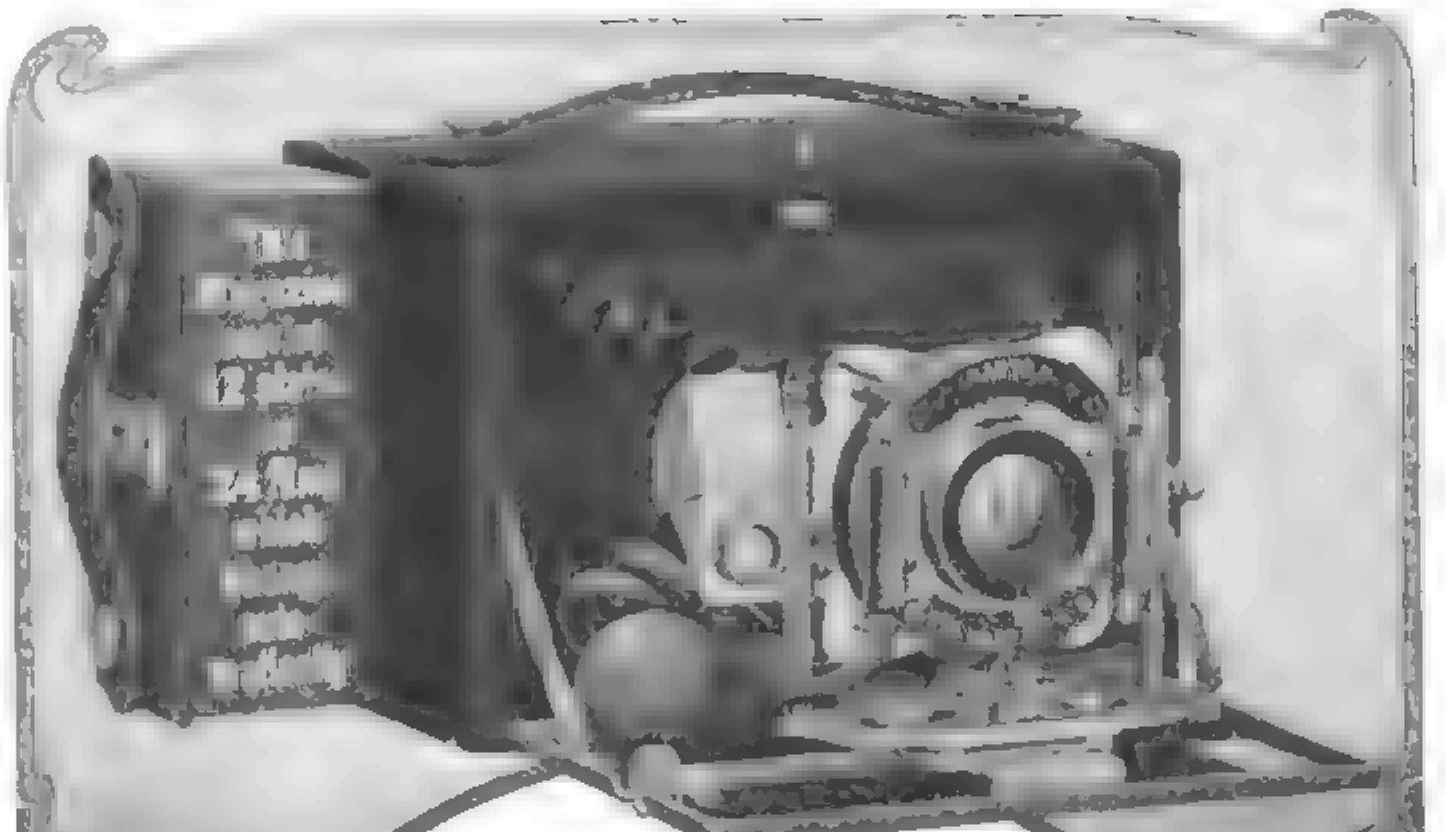
The Convention sat night and day for over a week, and then adjourned without making a regular nomination. The two-thirds rule was in force, and Alfred H. Colquitt lacked nine votes of the required number. Worn out and angry, the minority went home, leaving the majority to select Thomas M. Norwood as its candidate.

When the crisis came in the Convention a slender, pale-faced youth with red hair caught the eye of the president, and at once began an anti-Colquitt speech.

"Who is he?" I asked a reporter.

"Tom Watson, of McDuffie County," was the reply. "Listen!"

The speech did not consume more than twenty minutes, but the delegates were wild over it. The delegates on the floor and the crowd in the galleries yielded to the magn



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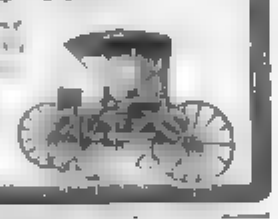

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Kalamazoo Carriage and Harness Mfg. Co., Station 70, Kalamazoo, Mich.
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SUMMER 1902.
PORTER OXFORDS
FOR WOMEN
$3.00 $3.00

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WILLIAM PORTER & SON
17-37 Willow Street
Established 1840 LYNN, MASS.

spell of the orator, and his rounded, ringing sentences and plucky conduct drew storms of cheers from both friends and opponents

The eloquent speaker was on the losing side, but that single effort made him famous throughout the State. In a short time his district sent him to Congress as a Democrat, but he drifted off with the Populists and lost the seat which he could have held to this day if he had remained a Democrat.

Fortunately for him the failure of the Populists caused him to feel a disgust for politics. He resumed his law practice, but, after winning a number of notable cases, he closed his office, disposed of his law books, and began the new line of work in which he has been so successful

It is passing strange that a Georgia country lawyer and politician should give to the world a history of France and a biography of Napoleon which have won high praise from critics and people of culture. But when I recall the Watson of twenty-five years ago I can understand it all

In those days the poet's slight figure, flashing eyes and feverish enthusiasm suggested "a soul of flame in a body of gauze." He looked like one who would "live in a blaze, and in a blaze expire." Politics only made him more impulsive and excitable than at the bar he found that his work would soon make him a nervous wreck.

Now, in his big library, he is able to keep his pen busy more hours every day than the average toiler devotes to his task, and yet he hardly feels anything like a strain. He is no longer the excitable poet, lawyer and politician. Cool, clear-headed and sunny tempered, the hours not given to his books are employed in the work which is his recreation and delight

I have recalled his poems and their subjects in order to illustrate his continuity of thought. Josephine and Napoleon interested the youth of twenty-five years ago. Through all the changes that have since occurred they have filled his mind. He has never lost sight of them

Loyal to his favorite theme, the mature man of to-day gives the world a prose epic instead of a volume of ringing rhyme

Tom Watson is a genius, and his fellow citizens who spared no pains to smash him and his party at the polls now pay him extravagant tributes. "Greatest man in Georgia!" is a phrase heard in every quarter when his name is mentioned

—Wallace Putnam Reed

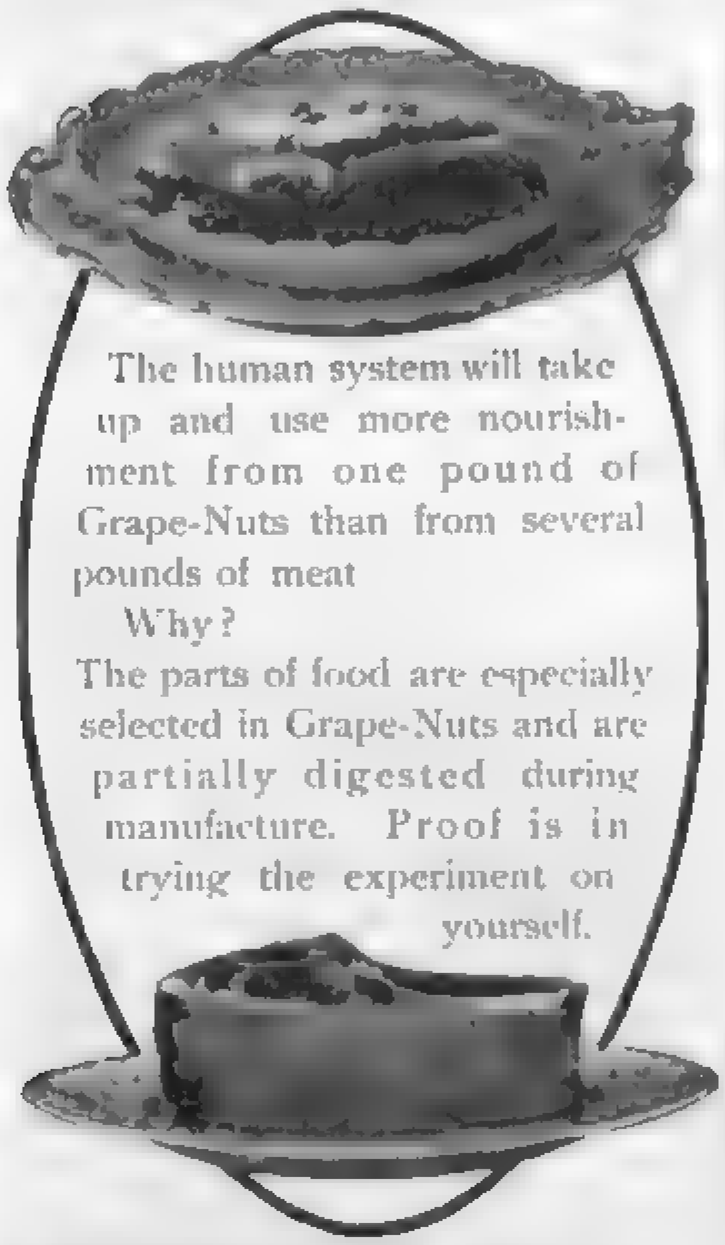
Mr. Richard Harding Davis is to return to the field in which his earlier triumphs were achieved, for early in July there is to be published, by the Scribners, a new volume of short stories from his pen. The Bar Sinister and Other Stories is to be the title, and Mr Davis is now in the South gathering some material for the volume

When Mr. Gilbert Parker, M. P., was in this country recently he arranged for the dramatization of his recent novel, The Right of Way. The dramatization of popular novels is now so customary that we are apt to forget that this is more than a present day custom; that Scott, for example, saw the presentation of the play made from his novel, Rob Roy

Miss Mary Johnston, whose Audrey has captivated a critical portion of the public unconquered by To Have and To Hold, has the shyness fostered by years of invalidism and seclusion at the formative period of her life. She eludes all efforts to draw her personally before the public. Besieged by inquiries from periodicals, her publishers asked Miss Johnston to give them some facts concerning her life. Her responses were naive and intimate, but accompanied by the deliciously feminine injunction: "But please don't let the papers get hold of any of these things!"

Jack London resolutely refuses to alter the "nickname" under which he has attained celebrity as a delineator of the rough life of the Alaskan wilderness. When his latest volume of stories was being prepared for publication he received a diplomatic letter from his publishers intimating the desirability of giving his rightful Christian name on the title page. His reply was that the name had been good enough for his christening, had stood him on the trail, in the snows, in hunger and in plenty, and that he did not propose to go back on it at this late day. A large portion of the public, however, will continue to hold that the name is a nom de plume assumed because of its fancied fitness for the character of life with which his stories are concerned.

With the Morning Cup,
With the Mid-day Lunch
With the Evening Tea
There's Nothing Like Crisp, Dainty
Bremner's Butter Wafers


The human system will take up and use more nourishment from one pound of Grape-Nuts than from several pounds of meat
Why?
The parts of food are especially selected in Grape-Nuts and are partially digested during manufacture. Proof is in trying the experiment on yourself.

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Recipes for frozen desserts [illegible] — free
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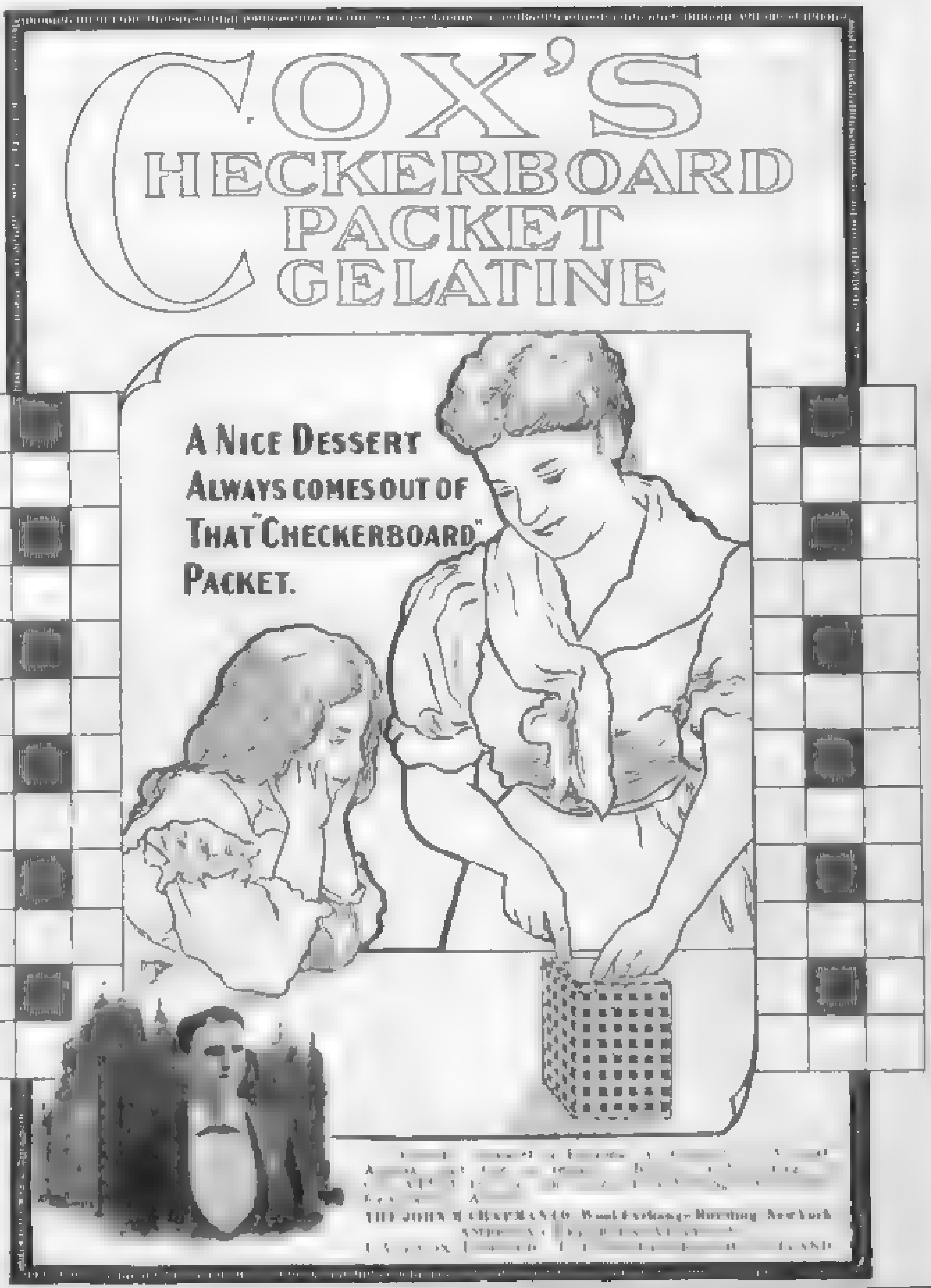
COX'S CHECKERBOARD PACKET GELATINE
A NICE DESSERT ALWAYS COMES OUT OF THAT "CHECKERBOARD" PACKET.
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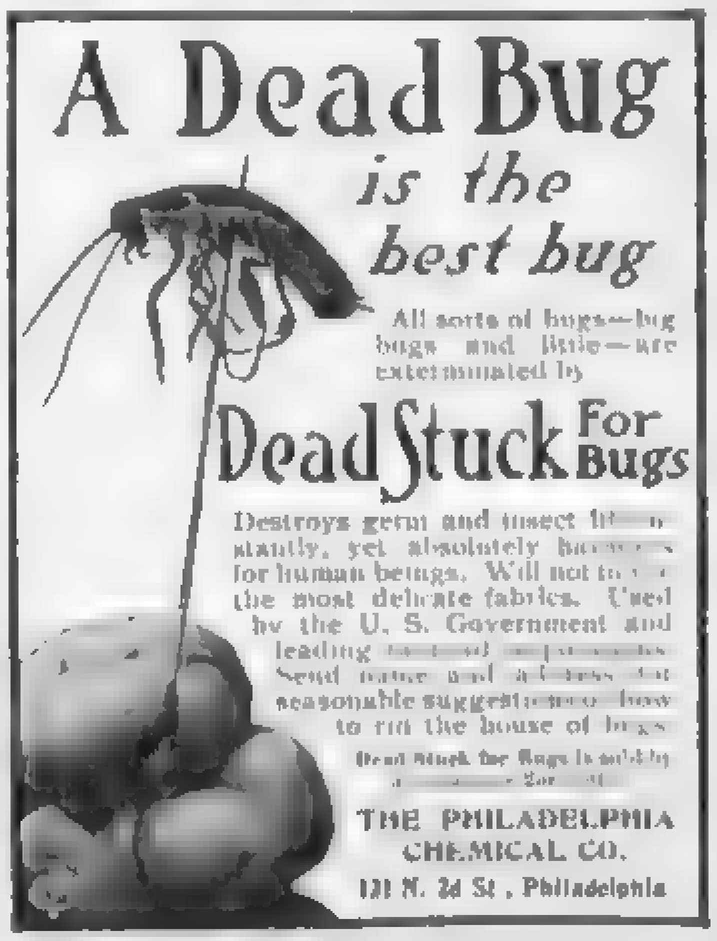
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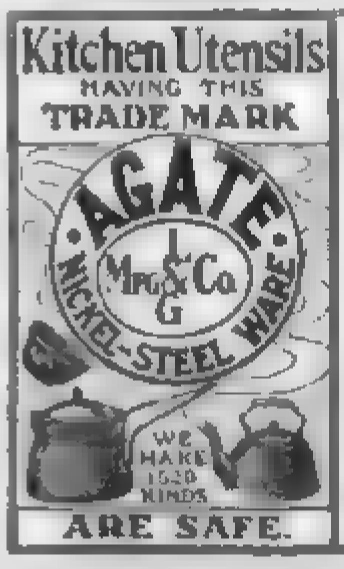
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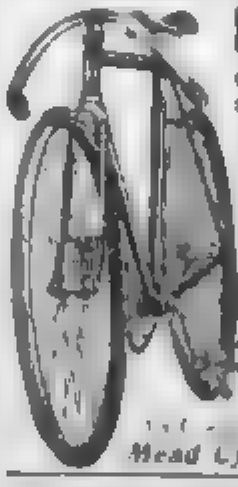
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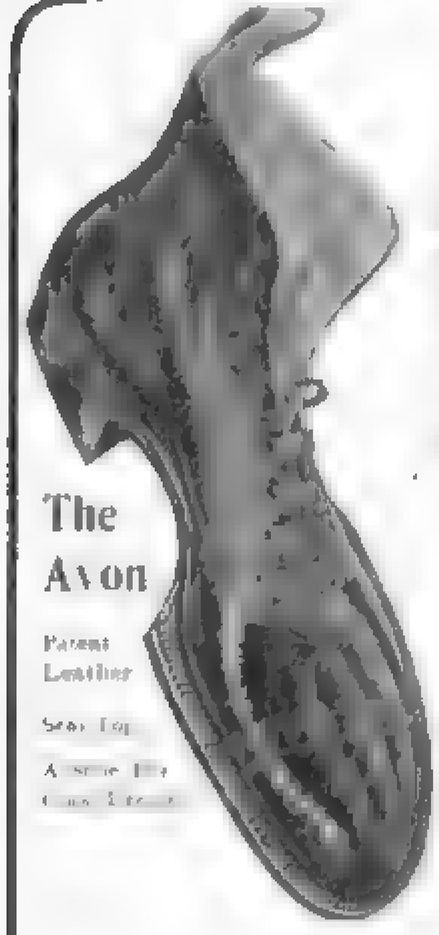
A shoe that fits the eye should fit the foot — or you don't want it. There is a style effect of smartness characterizing all shapes of The Florsheim Shoe wh[illegible] appeals [illegible] good dressers, but, more import[illegible] every pair is made over a foot-form last, and fits. The bench work and materials are the same as you get from your shoemaker at $8 to $12.



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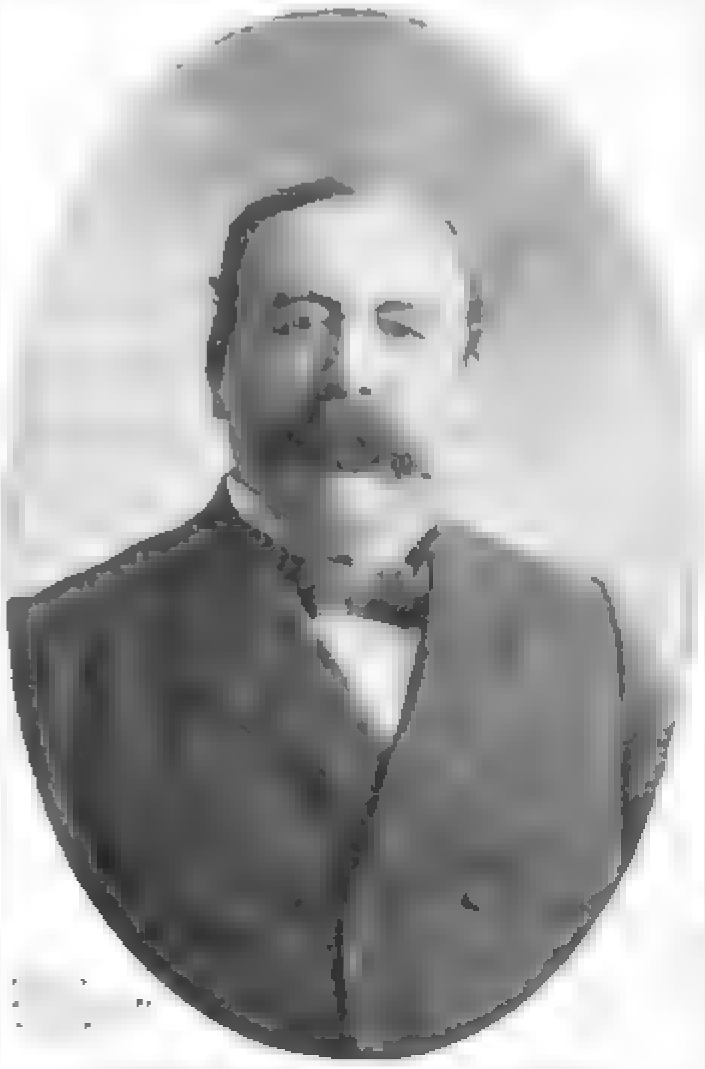
SAMUEL R. VAN SANT

Governor of Minnesota

By Forrest Crissey



GOVERNOR SAMUEL R. VAN SANT

GOVERNOR SAMUEL R. VAN SANT is built on steamboat lines. In physique, intellect, sympathies he is as broad of beam and as staunch of timber as one of his own boats. Since the opening of his famous fight on the great railroad merger he has become the most talked-of Governor in the United States.

Because this contest is but fairly begun, because it involves the biggest, broadest and most vital problem now before the railroad world, and because the principle at issue applies to every State having competing railway lines within its borders, this fight is bound to assume an increasing importance, to claim a greater share of public attention.

What manner of man is the Chief Executive of the State of Minnesota?

Courage and resourcefulness are qualities absolutely essential to maintaining the position which Governor Van Sant has taken in active defiance of the great $400,000,000 railroad combination. Does he possess these elements of character? There are various episodes in his life which throw light on this question — a question, by the way, which is never raised in Winona, his home town, where his old neighbors delight to tell of his grit and his capacity for pulling success out of seeming disaster.

A Daring Rescue in the River

Not many years ago, but while his only title was that of Captain — an honor earned by more than forty years of following the river — he was standing on the deck of his boat, alongside the dock of a busy shipping point. Another steamboat stood in against the pier a little down stream. Suddenly Captain Van Sant heard a cry for help, followed by a splash. He sprang to the rail just in time to see a hand disappear under water. The current was strong and would be certain to draw the struggler under the neighboring boat, making his battle almost hopeless unless he were a rarely good swimmer with strong presence of mind. Realizing this, there was but one thing for the Captain to do — and he did it! Without pausing to throw off any clothing or even his heavy boots, he made a quick measure of distances and then leaped into the water with a diver's plunge.

When he came up he was on the other side of the steamboat and held in his strong grasp the drowning man. On his downward plunge he had caught the man and had carried him right under the keel. The quick throwing of a line and the lowering of a small boat relieved the rescuer of his burden.

On the score of Governor Van Sant's resourcefulness I must again appeal to his river experience as a basis from which to draw logical conclusions. Every master, mate and pilot who has followed the Mississippi will tell you that disasters never

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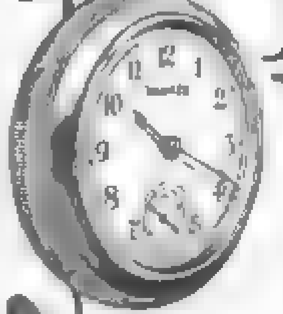

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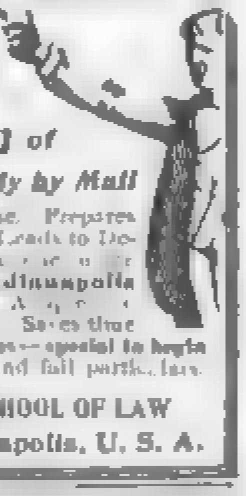

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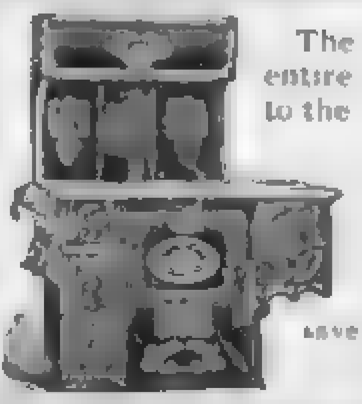

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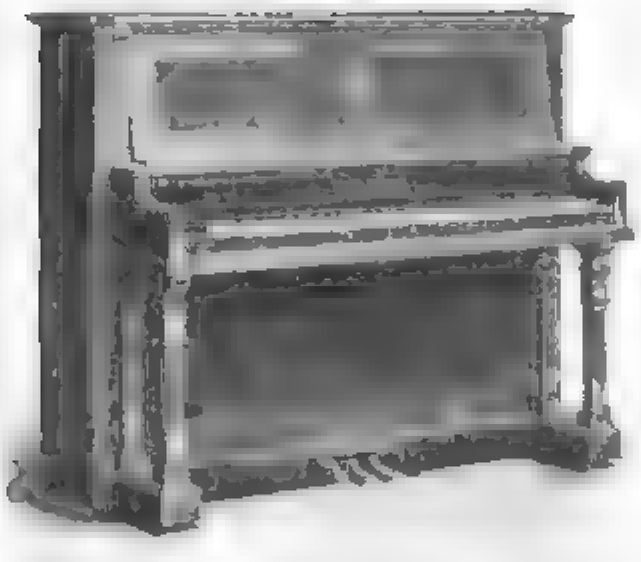

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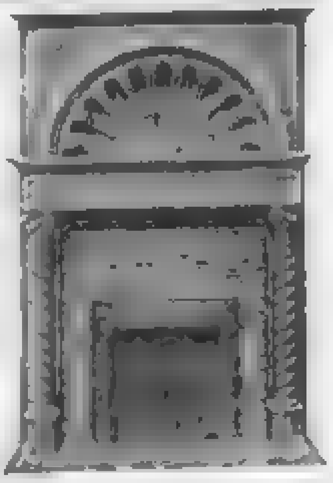

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come singly on the river, and all of the old up-river men now living will illustrate this point by reference to Captain Van Sant's "black year." And quite as surely they will end their narratives with this observation "But the Governor—he never *did* give up beat! There hain't water deep enough to drown him him in—not between St. Paul and New Orleans!"

Surely it did seem as if, in a certain year early in the seventies, Fate had planted snags and reefs in Captain Van Sant's course His children were stricken with diphtheria and died. On one of his steamboats there was a boiler explosion that killed almost a score of people. Another steamer was sunk. His house was destroyed by fire

The future Governor found himself facing the greatest crisis of his career, and most men, under such circumstances, would have quit the river; but not so Captain Van Sant! After an expert river "wrecker" who had raised a hundred sunken boats, had examined his sunken steamer and declared the task of raising her a hopeless one, her owner began work about the submerged vessel along lines of his own. The masters and mates of passing boats hailed him with a word of honest sympathy as they passed, but laughed at his "block-and-tackle" methods when out of his hearing. The shipyard to which his steamer would have to be taken for repairs was 150 miles from where she was sunk, and the difficulties of transporting her this distance without extensive repairs were regarded as insuperable. With quiet determination the Captain kept his own counsel and worked while others wondered, sympathized and laughed

One fair day the sunken vessel arose from her bed on the bottom and went her way to the dry-dock, carried between sister boats on a swinging "cat's-cradle" of chains—as two schoolgirls carry a playmate on a swing formed by their crossed hands. Thus the future Governor outwitted misfortune.

Beginning His Steamboat Life

Of the determination of the man there is evidence at every step of his career. At the age of eight he had fully made up his mind to become a steamboat captain. Not until he was thirteen could he obtain parental permission to "go on the river," but he never ceased his pleadings until his point was gained. Then he secured a place as cabin boy on the old James Lyon. The work was hard and the life rough, but he came back from his maiden trip to St. Paul with a pair of new shoes, ten dollars in money, and the proudest heart that beat in the breast of a boy in the Mississippi Valley.

When the lad Van Sant was fairly launched on his career as a river man the Civil War broke out. He had heard Lincoln speak and his patriotism was of too ardent a kind to be satisfied with any outlet short of action. Although he was only sixteen years old, he had seen more than three years of hard work on the river boats and he felt that he was a man. But the enlisting officer could not see the matter in this light and refused to accept the young lad as a recruit

A little later he again offered his service and was again rejected because of his extreme youth. Then the terrible seriousness of the war began to show itself, and the battlefields consumed the earlier recruits so rapidly that there came more calls for men. With each new call for troops young Van Sant repeated the offer of his services. Finally, after he had been four or five times rejected, his perseverance was rewarded with acceptance. He saw a little more than three years of active service in the Rebellion.

His Unpremeditated First Speech

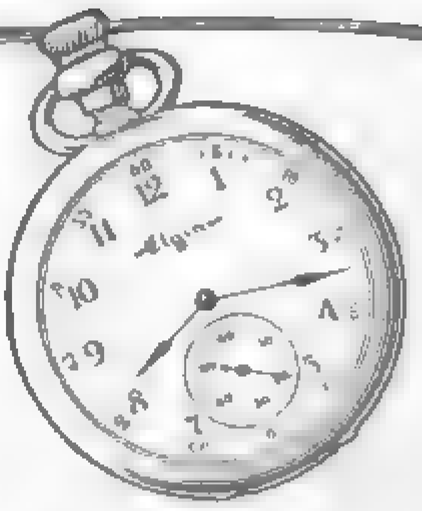
Governor Van Sant's first political speech was made early in his teens. With a group of young companions, in Rock Island, his native town, he went to hear Stephen A Douglas speak in his celebrated campaign for reelection to the United States Senate. In the course of his speech the Little Giant scornfully exclaimed

"Who is Abraham Lincoln? He would never have been heard of but for me. I made him!"

This was more than the steamboat boy, the devotee of the Rail-Splitter, could stand. He sprang to his feet and shouted

"Then, sir, you've made a President!"

Twice Captain Van Sant was sent from a then Democratic district to the Minnesota Legislature, and in his second term he was elected Speaker without an opposing vote. Then developed his ambition to become Governor of his State. He made no secret of



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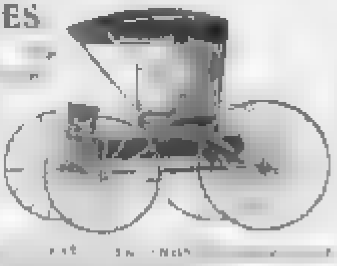

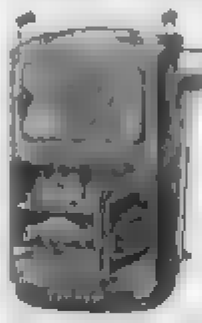

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the fact that he coveted this honor at the hands of his party. A fair and open fight for the nomination brought him defeat. All offers of a lesser position were rejected. Again he announced that he would seek the indorsement of his party for the Governorship.

Once more he was defeated. His contestants in the party declared that this was "the last of Van Sant;" but he laughingly told them his address was Winona and they would find him there when the next campaign came on.

That time, as an old river crony said, "the Captain worked the block-and-tackle grip on the Governorship and floated her off," as he had his sunken steamboat.

It is an open secret at the Minnesota capital that very strong pressure has been brought to bear on Governor Van Sant to convince him that in his fight against the railroad merger he has undertaken a thankless task which might better have been left to care for itself. Men of his own party, in whose sincerity he has absolute confidence, have sought to dissuade him from this crusade. To these he invariably gives the most careful hearing but a firm assurance of his unchanged attitude. Occasionally, however, a partisan feels it necessary to remind Governor Van Sant how much the people owe to the railroads. One undertook this mission the other day and the old steamboat Captain replied:

The Parable of the Prize Calf

"Jim, your heart's in the right place, but you remind me of a certain emigrant who went up river on a 'wild boat.' Like most emigrants who were going to settle, this man brought some livestock along with him. When the Sunday dinner was brought on, the emigrant from Ohio declared: 'Cap'n, that's rare veal! I hain't eat anything like that since I left home. You're doing mighty handsome by your passengers when you set a table with meat like that. I should think your boat would be the most popular on the whole river.'

The Captain modestly admitted he thought he was doing the right thing by his passengers, and he was mighty glad that some of them appreciated his generosity. That passenger kept praising up the veal through all the stages of stew, roast, pie and hash — until he went to the cattle deck to see how his own prize calf was prospering. The calf was gone! He was told it must have fallen overboard. Then a light broke in upon him and he went to the master of the boat and said: 'Say, Cap'n; if you don't mind, I'd rather you wouldn't set out any more veal until after you've put me and the young stock ashore. Somehow I'd rather take my veal with the hide on after this.' It's all right to be grateful for the benefits bestowed by the railroad corporations — but we ought first to find out who furnishes the veal!"

Perhaps the strongest trait of this bluff old river Captain is his fondness for children. Soon after his election to the Governorship he received numerous childish epistles, some frankly asking for his autograph, others cloaking this purpose in a request for advice on certain points. Instead of leaving the task of answering these letters to Judge Jamison, his private secretary, Governor Van Sant made autograph replies and has kept up an occasional interchange of letters with nearly all of his juvenile correspondents.

Governor Van Sant is a teetotaler but smokes moderately. Although of stocky build he is active, and his movements are dignified and not without a certain grace. His habits are methodical. Few men work more hours than he, and he does not even pause for a noonday luncheon.

A total lack of all that may be classed as "red tape" is characteristic of this interesting man, who has brought to the executive chamber the force and democratic directness of the old-time steamboat Captain. He bears his fifty-seven years very lightly and lives with his wife at a quiet family hotel.

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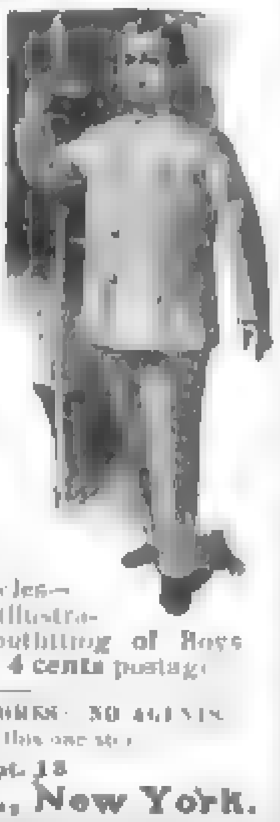

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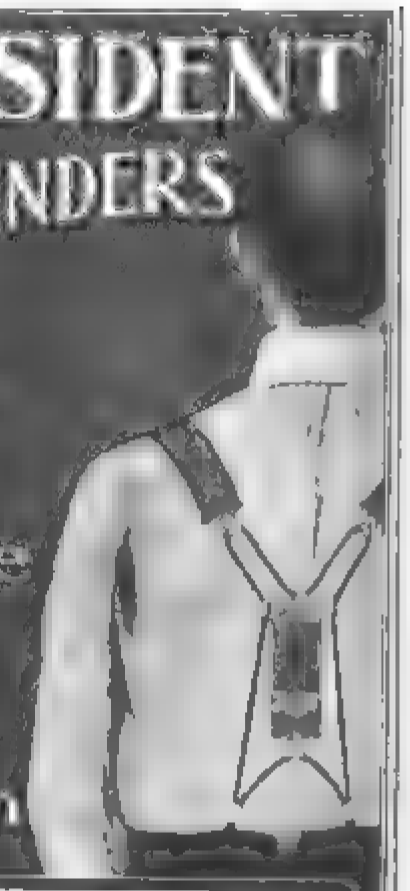

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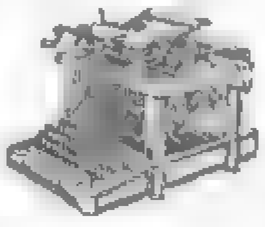

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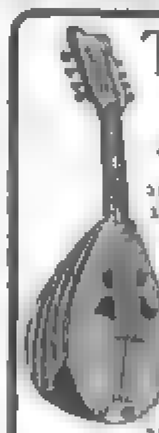

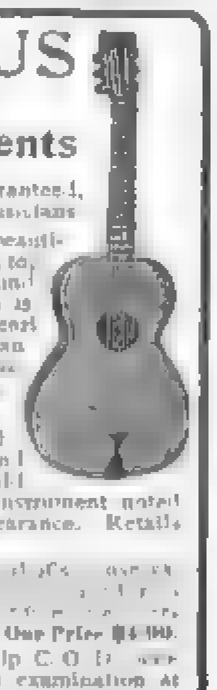

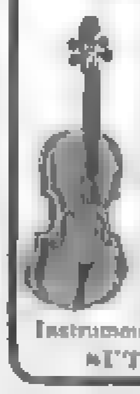

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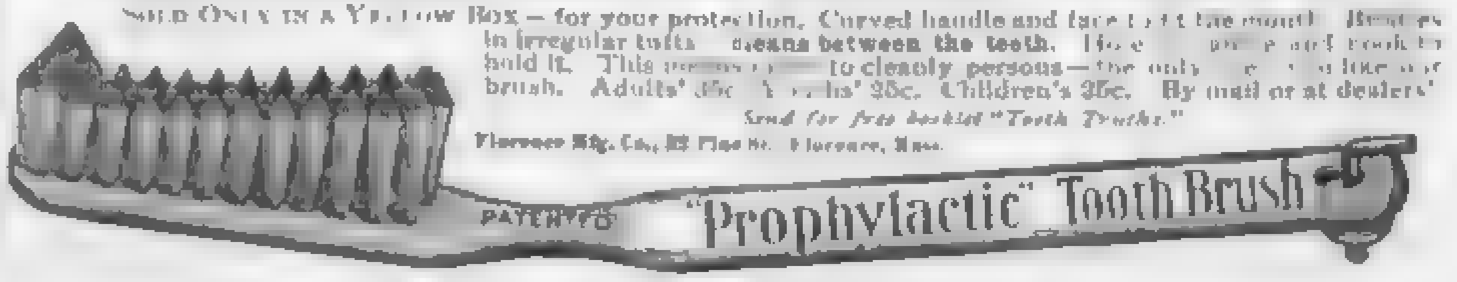

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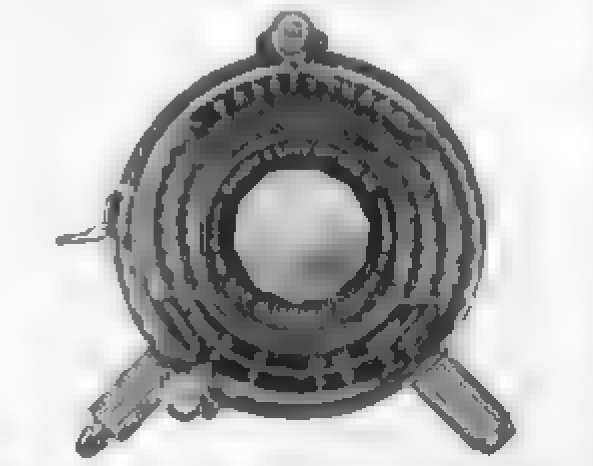

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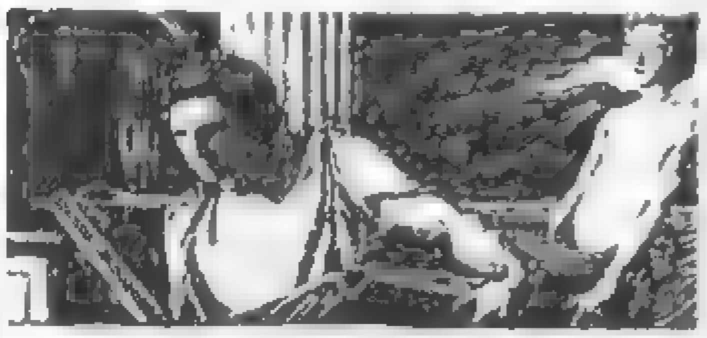

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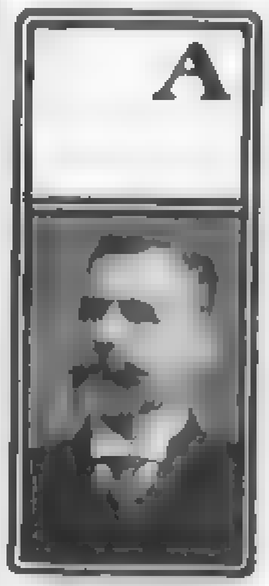

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ALTHOUGH but forty seven years of age Señor Joaquin Walker-Martinez, the new Minister from Chile to the United States, is one of the foremost statesmen of South America. He has served in his country as Member of Congress, Minister of Finance and Minister of War, and has been Minister to Brazil and to the Argentine Republic

His public services were held in such high esteem that the people of Chile bought and presented to him a magnificent estate in the suburbs of the capital

In 1891, when the Congressional party triumphed over the followers of the President, Señor Walker Martinez was the leader of the Revolutionists.

When it was evident that his party had secured victory he hurried to the capital and began to reorganize the Government At that time he was Minister of War and his colleagues were still at the front engaged in the final pacification of the provinces. Therefore he had himself appointed temporarily to the Ministries of the Interior, of Foreign Affairs, of Finance, of Justice and of Public Works.

Then from the main office of Minister of War he directed the affairs of all these departments, and carried on the multiplied interests of the country with effectiveness and patriotic fervor

For eight months he thus filled all the Cabinet offices of Chile, and was the whole "Government," for there was no President

"Did the people appreciate his great work?" a member of the Chilean Legation was asked

"To the utmost; it was at the close of his unique labors, sometimes referred to as the 'seven labors of the modern Hercules' that Señor Walker-Martinez was presented with the palace he now owns," was the reply

"Another striking thing in connection with his manifold administration," continued the attaché, "was that the new Government afterward confirmed and applauded every one of his acts

"For once in the history of a South American Republic," added the speaker good humoredly, "the spectacle was presented of the affairs of a Government moving along without the slightest possibility of conflict in the councils of the nation"

Oddly enough, the father of the Chilean Minister was an Englishman, who came to the United States in 1835, and settled in Philadelphia, from which city he removed to South America. An aunt of the Minister lived in Philadelphia for fifty years

How Admiral Howell Rested

Rear-Admiral John Adams Howell, who has reached the age of honorary retirement from the Navy, has not confined his achievements to warfare, and his triumphs along scientific lines are no less noteworthy than his victories in battle

"I regard Admiral Howell," said Captain Sigsbee, formerly of the Maine, "as one of the most intellectual men in the service. His published works on navigation, and his inventions, proclaim his ability, and those who have known him intimately have long admired his brilliancy and resourcefulness. His scientific work has been of great value to the Government, but he regards his researches as delightful recreation, and the more technical the computation the greater seems to be his delight therein."

On one occasion, after he had been granted a vacation at the close of an exacting sen

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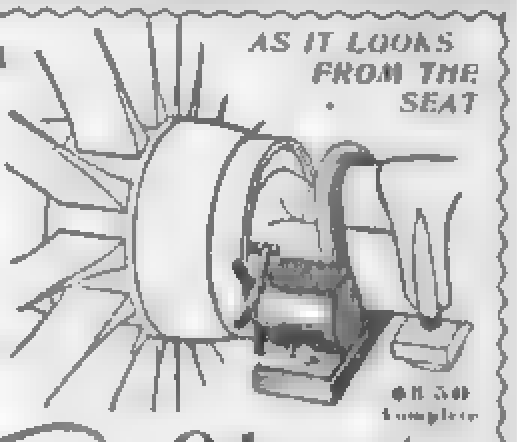
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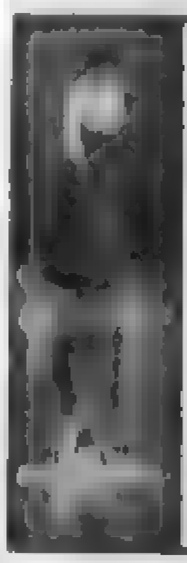

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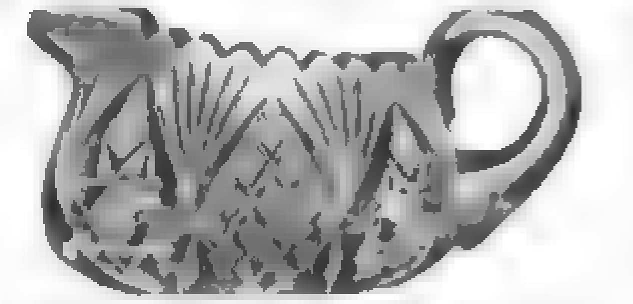

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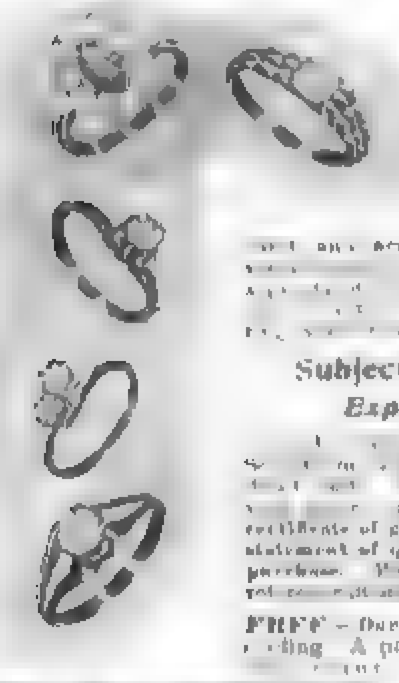
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campaign, the Rear Admiral was discovered in his library at Washington a mass of papers before him, completely absorbed in computing a table of lunar distances.

"I thought you were on a vacation," said a brother officer; "what are you doing here?"

"Recuperating," was Admiral Howell's reply as he continued with his work of interplanetary measurements.

A Filipino Discovering America

It is generally conceded in army circles that Secretary Root displayed wisdom in selecting General Samuel B. M. Young to be President of the new War College established at Washington.

"Although the General is a stern soldier," said a fellow-officer at the Presidio at San Francisco, where, as Commander of the Department of the Pacific, General Young had his headquarters, "he enjoys the unwavering loyalty of his troops, and in social affairs is one of the most cordial of men. He has frequently amused his fellow-officers with stories of the Filipinos.

"He found that the geographies used by native teachers in the schools were grotesquely misleading. Spain, for example, was shown to include most of Europe. Children were taught that there were three continents—Europe, Asia and Africa.

"To discover for himself what educational results had come of American occupancy, a friend of General Young determined to visit a schoolroom to see whether higher education had raised up any expansionists among the native pupils.

"When given an opportunity to question the children, General Young's friend asked in Spanish if they knew how many continents there are on the globe. A score of little hands responded. The visitor called upon the nearest pupil.

"'How many continents are there?' he inquired.

"'There is only one continent,' said the child.

"'Only one?' repeated the surprised visitor.

"'Only one,' persisted the boy sturdily.

"'And what is the name of it?' asked the visitor.

"'The United States of America,' was the reply."

Lodge Not a Writer

When Mr. Zangwill, the novelist, visited Washington he got a guide to pilot him through the Capitol. They visited the Senate gallery.

"There," said the guide, pointing, "sits Senator Henry Cabot Lodge."

"What!" exclaimed the English novelist; "Henry Cabot Lodge, the celebrated littérateur and historian?"

"No, siree," replied the guide loftily, "that's the Honorable Henry Cabot Lodge, United States Senator from the State of Massachusetts."

Taken at the Flood

Mr. Brainard H. Warner, who has been selected by the citizens of Washington as chairman of the committee in charge of the arrangements for the Grand Army Encampment next fall, is well known among his associates as a man of quick and decided action.

A notable illustration of his practice of doing things thoroughly and instantly occurred about three years ago at the White House.

Mr. Warner had called to see President McKinley and in the waiting room found Mr. Andrew Carnegie. Their conversation turned in time to the subject of the latter's interest in libraries, the steel man remarking that Washington was worthy of a donation for such a purpose.

Quick as a flash Mr. Warner picked up a White House envelope and suggested that Mr. Carnegie record his promise. Mr. Carnegie hesitated for an instant, smiled quizzically, and then wrote these words.

> If Congress shall provide a site I will give $250,000 for the erection of a free library building. ANDREW CARNEGIE.

Congress promptly provided the site and Washington's Free Public Library Building will be opened some time during the coming year.

The committees organized by Chairman Warner have the Encampment work so well in hand that it is believed that the coming reunion will be one of the largest and most successful in the history of the Grand Army of the Republic.

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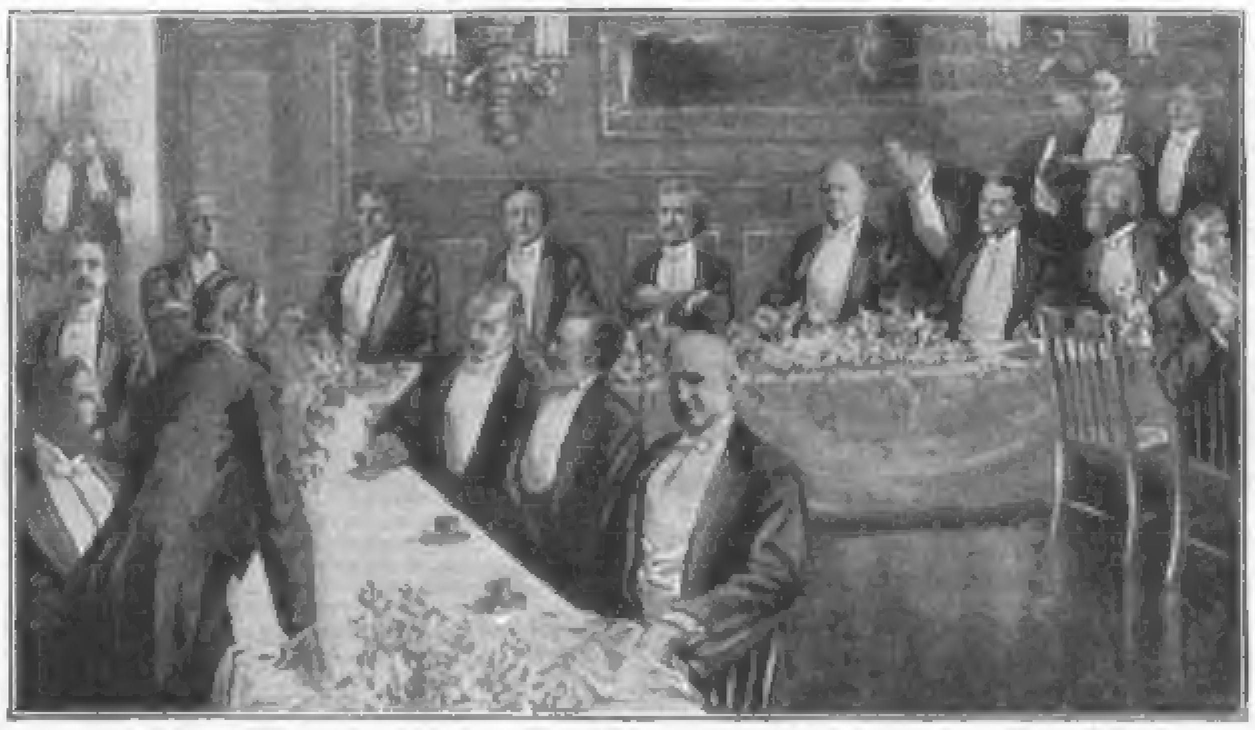
No figure in our national life of the past quarter-century stands out so clearly defined—the one man capable of such a task—as the Honorable Thomas B. Reed, former Speaker of the House of Representatives. A master among master-minds, he brought a superb equipment to the task; a thorough knowledge of oratory and eloquence; a wide personal acquaintance with the greatest men in our literary, social, commercial and political life, and a fine instinct of discriminating selection. Thus he made *Modern Eloquence* representative of all that was great in the spoken thought of the nineteenth century.

As Secretary of State Hay well says: "He has gained in this work the same eminence as editor that he already enjoyed as orator."

Aided by a corps of leading litterateurs, editors, orators, men of affairs and of fine judgment, the editor examined a mass of material that was inaccessible to any but those few men who enjoyed with him the eminence he had attained. Because of the exclusive privileges thus enjoyed, *Modern Eloquence* contains a fund of charm, of inspiration, of thought and of history that has never before been in type.



About the banquet board parties and policies have been made and unmade. The speeches there often give expression to the thoughts that guide the nation. In a recent speech before the New York Chamber of Commerce, a Cabinet member made a semi-official declaration of America's foreign policy. Next morning that speech was quoted in every Capital in the world—but it was quoted as the reporters heard it. No two heard it alike. In *Modern Eloquence* nearly every speech has had the benefit of the author's revision.

In these volumes the reader is told of the time, of the place and circumstance of each speech—address—lecture. We also catch the cheers, the applause, roars of laughter, or, perchance, surrender ourselves to the tense silence of suppressed emotion as the speaker's eloquence and thought lay hold upon us. It is magic and it is real.

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In the tenth volume of *Modern Eloquence* great wit and great wisdom, droll humor and fantastic fun, sublime sentiment and simple truth all have their place, for they were master-hands that made this as well as the other nine volumes. The gamut of human emotions is run, as a harp is touched by the dexterous fingers of the player.

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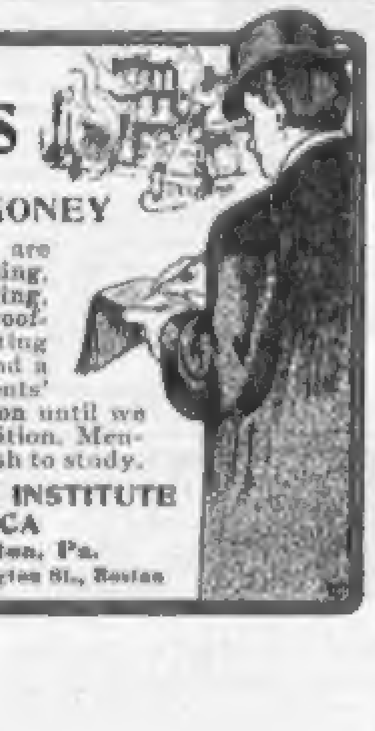

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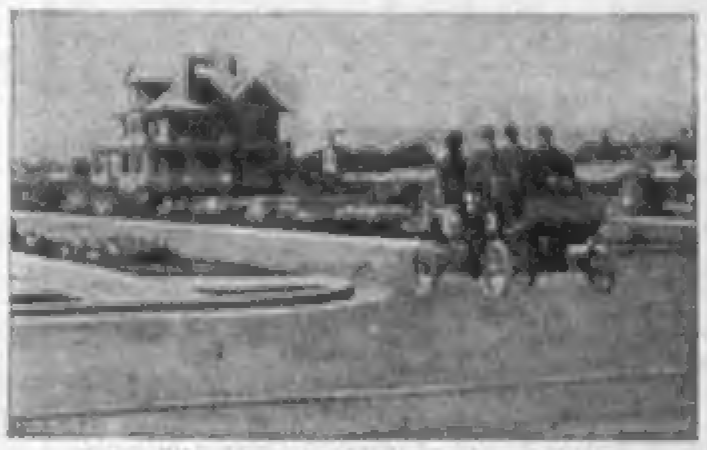

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A Slander on the Ostrich

A well-known hunter and taxidermist tells this story of personal experience in South Africa. It goes far toward dispelling a slander that has long clouded the fair name of the ostrich.

"Arriving at one of the monster hills of the white ant, I climbed upon it and raised my observation glasses to my eyes for a careful survey of the region. My first glance showed me, arising from the dead level of the plain beyond, two objects, each having the form of a capital S. These I knew were the heads and necks of two ostriches. Though I believed that they had sighted me I remained immovable until their necks were suddenly drawn down to the level of the tops of the bushes which screened their bodies. Then I knew for a certainty that they were aware of my presence and would make a quick retreat.

"Without losing an instant's time I ran to the spot where the birds had been standing and found their tracks. These I followed as far as they were distinguishable and then took a course which I believed the birds would naturally follow. No sooner had I reached the top of the ravine than I saw one of the ostriches climbing the side-hill. Estimating the distance, I took sight and fired. The ball passed immediately between his legs and struck in the sand of the side-hill behind him.

"In an instant the bird darted away like an arrow in the direction of a small clump of bushes in the centre of an open space. That he would pause behind this bush and then finally emerge on the other side seemed certain, and I aimed to catch him as he made a fresh start from behind the thorn. He flew over the sand at a terrific rate and reached the bushes. Then I waited fully five minutes for him to emerge from his hiding, with my rifle ready sighted so that I could pull the trigger the second he reappeared, but finally went forward to rout him out. When I reached the clump of bushes, an examination of the sand showed that the crafty old bird had shifted his course at a right angle, making the turn so suddenly that his feet had plowed up the sand for a distance of several inches. This wary tact had placed the bushes between the bird and myself and he had made his way to new cover while I was innocently waiting for him on the other side of the ambush. An Apache Indian could not have executed this maneuver more cleverly, and I smiled at myself for having ever been foolish enough to believe the traditional story of how the silly ostrich buries his head in the sand and believes that he is thereby concealed."

◆

THE DEAD DAY

By Madison Cawein

THE West builds high a sepulchre
Of cloudy granite and of gold,
Where twilight's priestly hours inter
The Day like some great king of old.

A censer, rimmed with silver fire,
The new moon swings above his tomb;
While, organ-stops of God's own choir,
Star after star throbs in the gloom.

And Night draws near, the sad, the sweet —
A nun whose face is calm and fair —
And kneeling at the dead Day's feet
Her soul goes up in silent prayer.

In prayer, we feel through dewy gleam
And flowery fragrance, and — above
All Earth — the ecstasy and dream
That haunt the mystic heart of love.

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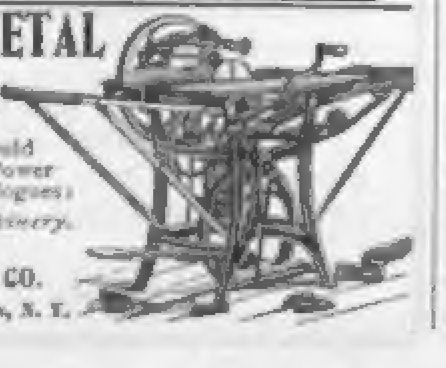

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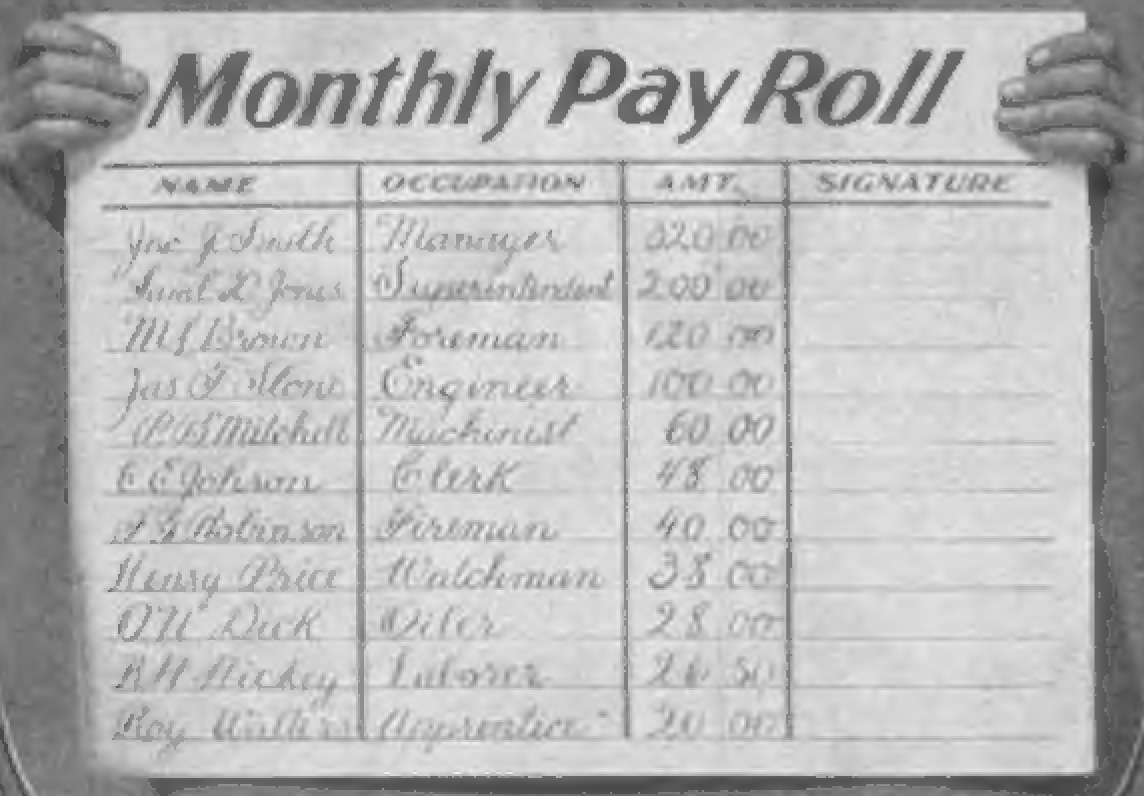

Monthly Pay Roll

NAME	OCCUPATION	AMT.	SIGNATURE
Jno J Smith	Manager	220 00	
Saml L Jones	Superintendent	200 00	
M J Brown	Foreman	120 00	
Jas T. Stone	Engineer	100 00	
W S Mitchell	Machinist	60 00	
E E Johnson	Clerk	48 00	
F G Robinson	Fireman	40 00	
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- ☐ Foreman Molder
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- ☐ Electrical Engineer
- ☐ Elec. Machine Designer
- ☐ Electrician
- ☐ Electric Lighting Supt.
- ☐ Electric Railway Supt.
- ☐ Telephone Engineer
- ☐ Wireman
- ☐ Dynamo Tender
- ☐ Motorman
- ☐ Steam Engineer
- ☐ Marine Engineer
- ☐ Civil Engineer
- ☐ Hydraulic Engineer
- ☐ Municipal Engineer
- ☐ Bridge Engineer
- ☐ Railroad Engineer
- ☐ Surveyor
- ☐ Mining Engineer
- ☐ Cotton Mill Supt.
- ☐ Woolen Mill Supt.
- ☐ Textile Designer
- ☐ Architect
- ☐ Contractor and Builder
- ☐ Architectural Draftsman
- ☐ Sign Painter
- ☐ Letterer
- ☐ Analytical Chemist
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- ☐ Ornamental Designer
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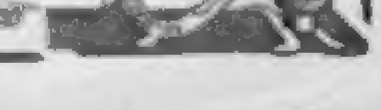

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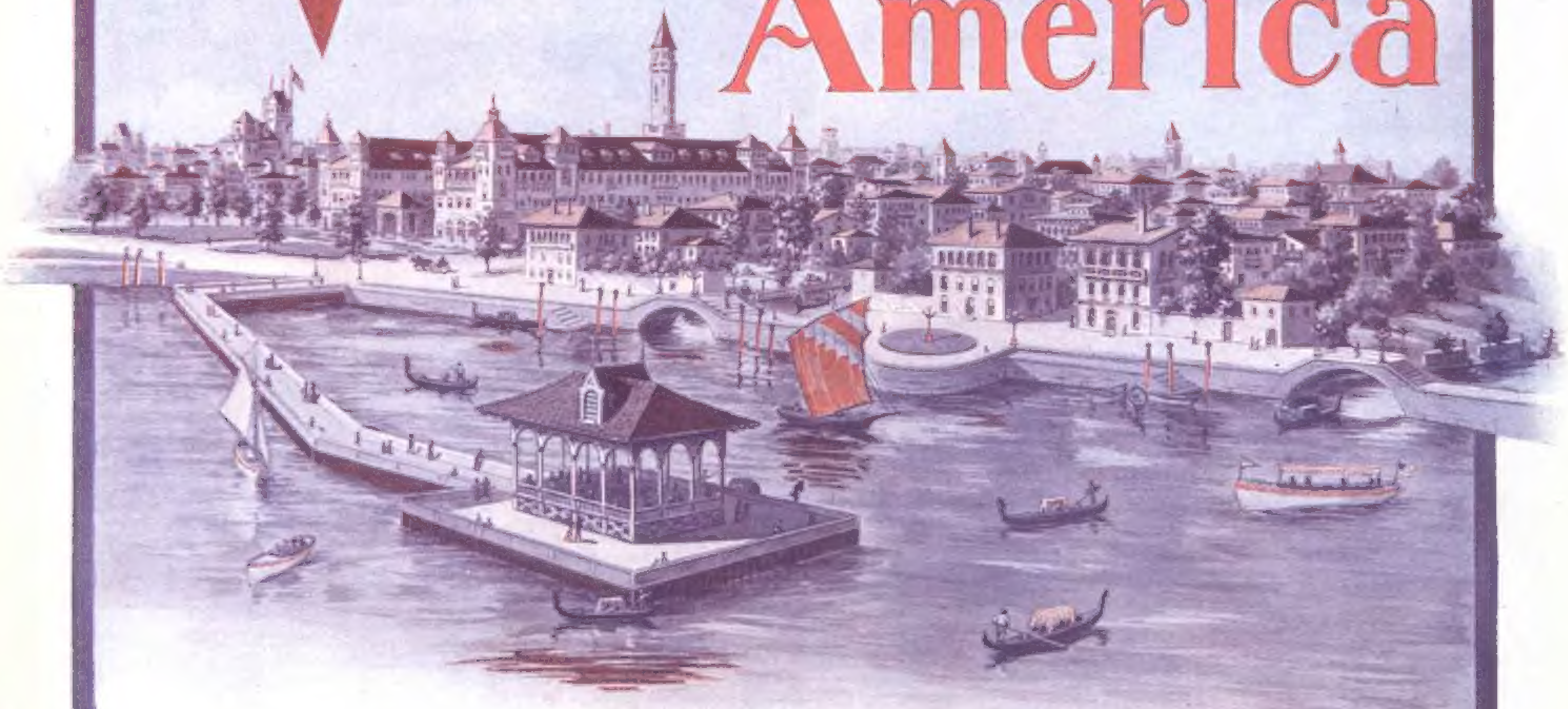

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